

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Contending Gods

ONE of the commonest complaints against this slipshod generation is that it has no standards. We follow, say the old men and some of the young ones, our own wills, which are not always sweet, and please our own tastes, which are often degraded. The charge should be amended. Not a lack of standards but a confusion of standards is our undoing. Literary criticism has become polytheistic and we worship at so many altars that we cannot ourselves name our literary religion.

A great advantage of a classical education was that a cultivated reader always knew where he was in literature. Observe Dr. Johnson at work with Boswell. If his native commonsense does not at once solve the difficulty, he falls back upon the ancients. They settle the rightness or wrongness of a current example, usually in a neat quotation. That England was not Augustan Rome and that English was a language of a different genius remained unfortunately true, and such implicit reliance upon a stable literature produced the funeral wreaths of dead rhetoric with which so much English literature from Shakespeare to Tennyson is decked. Nevertheless, the classic practice represented a definite criticism which in the hands of men of taste made the vulgar impossible and gave a decorum and, in fortunate instances, a nobility to literary expression. Spontaneity was checked but we were spared the literature of gum chewing and the servility of so-called democratic art.

This age is too confident in its strength to accept again the dominance of an alien literature, although when the flurry of industrialism is past it may go back again to Greece and Rome for counsel. It must seek its own standards, and these are obscured by the necessities of a century in which progress in some directions and change in all make an accepted law of life. A standard of excellence in literature implies a criterion of beauty, a principle of ethics, an attitude in philosophy, and there can be no final judgment without due consideration of these fundamentals. But fiction, poetry, drama, essay are all representational, and reflect the change in a complex civilization growing like a culture of variable bacteria in the fertile medium of a biologist's experiment.

It may be said that at such a moment pure aesthetic criticism, which attempts to assess in terms of absolute values, is impossible, so urgent will be the desire to relate literature to the social activity which it reflects, so cloudy with topical reference and immediate interest will be the books to be criticized. There is some truth here; but the critic should be able to isolate permanent artistic merits and reach approximate results. What he cannot do is to estimate the quality of beauty without understanding the components of that beauty, and these in periods of rapid change are entangled in the change itself. One must, for example, understand the American environment is making him before it is possible to estimate with any finality the art into which he enters. Our books are representations of social change made into art, and the two phases are interdependent. Much of the criticism of "Babbitt" was futile because it discussed that novel either as sheer art of fiction or as American sociology, whereas it was both, with the success in one aspect conditioned by its excellence in the other.

With a growing realization that American literature may be as important for its American as for its literary qualities and a sound belief that it must be both ways regarded, it is not surprising that so much American criticism has been quite as much sociological as literary. There is nothing to regret

Hymn of the Ball

By DANIEL HENDERSON

"I SING the ball—the spherul world
The fingers of creation twirled!

I sing of sun and moon and star—
In rounded heaven globular!

The gambler's orb; the jongleur's toy;
The crystal mirroring woe or joy,

I sing—and terrifying shells
That shatter ships and citadels!

I praise the sphere that is the heart
Of jovial play and sportive art,

And is the center and the sun
Of glory in the stadium!

I sing the Power that gave man's life
This bounding orb of generous strife,

And cupped his fingers to embrace
The Ariel who lifts his race!

*I sing the ball that shapes the clod
To the slim image of a God!*

Anatole France

By E. PRESTON DARGAN

THE death of a notable writer does not necessarily call for elegies or indiscriminate praise. More in character with our subject would be the endeavor to single out the chief strands of his thought, and thus to weave an appropriate garland. We believe that skepticism was Anatole France's preponderant message and attitude; but we recognize that he did not stay in the "vestibule of the temple" during his final years. Since he disliked the august historical style, one may try to follow his own informal approach and manner.

It is related, then, that when the great ironist was returning from Stockholm, where he had received the Nobel Prize, the weather was extremely cold. Shivering in no less than three overcoats, he confronted the customs officer at the frontier. The officer was suspicious of so much irregular bulging and inquired sharply: "What is inside all that?" "France," the novelist mildly responded.

Hence a parable concerning this Protean personage. In three overcoats he stood forth as a disguised Anatole France—very good. Had he removed one overcoat and rubbed his hands unctuously, while expressing peculiar views about religion, he would have suggested his immediate forefather, Ernest Renan. Had he shown an undying curiosity about all human affairs, had he taken off still another overcoat and mentioned the size of his library, he would have reminded French bystanders of his original ancestor, Saint Michel de Montaigne. But if he had twitched off the last garment and stood starkly sneering at every cassock in the neighborhood, surely he would have been the lean presentment of Voltaire, the chief source from which he springs. For there is in French literature a dynasty of great Skeptics, whose names are, in order, Montaigne, Bayle, Voltaire, Renan, Anatole France.

* * *

In what, then, does this skepticism consist? Emerson, in writing of Montaigne, says: "Skepticism is the attitude assumed by the student in relation to the particulars which society adores." Again, Montaigne "took and kept a position of equilibrium." All this is true of Anatole France, who also shares with Montaigne what Emerson considers "a most uncanonical levity." Here at once we need to make a distinction: the form may be light, since that is a Gallic preference, but the *fond* is very serious indeed. And the term "sceptique" is to be viewed in the broader sense, the *esprit critique* that Sainte-Beuve attributes to Bayle. Let us reserve for another place Anatole's own view of skepticism. Let us now watch him scatter this "levity," sometimes a corrosive, sometimes a healing spray, over doctrinaire ascetics, over politics and history, over metaphysics, over theology and religion, over the general human predicament. Remember only that he interfuses irony with pity, that he curiously blends Voltaire and St. Francis. "The irony which I invoke is not cruel. It rallies neither love nor beauty. . . . It teaches us to mock at the wicked and the fools."

His aversion to asceticism is really a plea for Epicureanism, his most stable philosophy. He cannot abide the fanatics, the pig-headed martyrs, who sin against Love and Beauty. In "Les Dieux ont Soif," Evariste Gamelin, the doctrinaire of the Revolution, becomes a fanatic and a persecutor. The saint, Scholastica, lived in chastity, but the roses springing from her dead body say: "Aimez, vous qui vivez." Such is also the moral of "La Leçon

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Next Week

The Secret of Homer. By Gilbert Murray

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in this. The nature of vigorous criticism will always be determined by the qualities of the literature to be criticized. Yet when the critic leaves the high realm of pure beauty or the workshop of the craftsman's technique for sociology, ethnology, psychology, and all the other aspects of changing humanity, he begins to worship at a dozen shrines of excellence erected to contending gods. On Monday he may damn a novel for being bad history, on Tuesday condemn a satire for lack of beauty, on Wednesday exalt a dull drama for its faithful picture of pioneer life.

This is the cause of our wobbling judgments, but we can never cure opinion by denying the noisy world that makes decision difficult; and still less by throwing aestheticism overboard. Let us, for the moment, condemn no criticism that is useful, and praise none that does not make possible an estimate of services rendered either to wisdom or to the emotional pleasures engendered by art. Change is already speeding past its illusions and clearer skies are ahead.

Bien Apprise," in which a monk shows a lady a skull with very different results from what he anticipated.

France's Epicureanism, as a deliberate doctrine closely interwoven with his artistic expression, lasts at least fourteen years, from his first masterpiece, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" (1881) to "Le Jardin d'Epicure" (1894). The first phase of this tendency is more winning, more constructive, and, as M. Michaut has shown, reveals essentially the attitude of a dreamer and dilettante, who finds himself in the pensive middle years and echoes the line:

There is nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so. Yet he overthrows no current beliefs, accepts most of them as "noble and universal prejudices." Bonnard is here his chief mouthpiece, Bonnard, the perpetually gentle and kind benefactor, who has loved beauty and the mysterious charm of animated things. So the novelist, through this *raisonneur*, recalls the delights of his early studies, his parents, his books, his boyhood loves and souvenirs. So doubtless he agrees with Bonnard's declaration that we are "eternal children and run forever after new toys." Work and meditation and pleasant dreams . . . and even poor old Bergeret later dreams of classical ease, in a lovely villa, among intelligent friends. We are glad to remember that the author, in his latter days, virtually achieved this vision and the "Mornings of the Villa Saïd" remain among the choicest of our legacies.

* * *

Beauty and Love are the chief elements in the Anatolian paradise. Much of his early work is written in celebration of Beauty. It shines in his poetry and in his drama of "Les Noces Corinthiennes." Yet already we get a glimmer of the parting of the ways. Let us see whither his heroines and the love o' women carry us. In the famous preface to "La Vie Littéraire," France mocks himself of erudition and demands only "well-bound books that speak of love." He sets out to keep up the supply, and soon we meet the beautiful, amorous and somewhat metallic heroines of "Thais" and "Le Lys Rouge"; then we come to know the rather rapsallion ladies of Italy and the eighteenth century; finally, throughout the "Histoire Contemporaine," we are puzzled by the powers of Mme. de Gromance, the violet-eyed Illusionist. Rather, we would be puzzled but for the fact that Anatole has now persuaded us that mystery and myth-making are a great part of the game. Why else were the lady Penguins allowed to clothe themselves, and did not the Church in making love a sin make it also a delectable myth? In fact, the Church is frequently involved. When the Abbé Coignard speaks eloquently of the dangers of love, Sophie lets her head fall on his shoulder and goes to sleep; when the Abbé praises the power of love, which has brought Roxane to the point of drowning, Roxane consoles herself and becomes a notable actress. An Italian girl prays to the Virgin: "Toi qui as conçu sans pécher, accorde-moi la grâce de pécher sans concevoir." Still plainer speech is employed by Professor Haddock, in "Penguin Island." Clearly the foundations of Anatole France's art and philosophy are sensual. Now let us watch him grow skeptical even of his delights.

For the beautiful moment does not stay; Mephistopheles resurges; love becomes *Pamour*; the world seems hollow, once the desire is past; the intellect prowls disgustedly in this empty world. France is revolted. Therefore his sensualism becomes somber; as so often, it operates as a dissolvent of other forces; and the artist is caught in the transition stage between a charming Epicureanism and one not so charming.

* * *

Hear him doubt *Pamour*. Women must work, too, and thereby often lose their beauty. Food and love are the greatest forces, but hunger is the enemy of love—hunger or twins. Cruel women appear; the queen who makes Balthazar suffer and Mme. de Gromance who does not recognize Bergeret, her adorer. Jean Sirvien, in the early days, came to hate his sweetheart for the torments she gave him. Real love partakes of violence, even of violation, and there is more than a touch of sadism in these cruelties, in the directness of Thérèse or the heroine of "Histoire Comique," in the succession of later works, where erotic elements become less beautiful, more frequent, and more *grivois*. Sombre is the thought, from "La Reine Pédaque," that "every

union of lovers, far from assuring immortality, is a sign of death, and we would not know love if we were destined to live always." *Dubito, ergo sum*. Anatolian "levity" about love centers around the doctrine of its illusory power; it is repeated over and over that the desired object is only the vanishing focus for our dreams and general aspirations.

Does this reaction from dilettante delights lead to an appreciation of the *Realien*? Not for some time. Before his fame, France had passed through a period of realistic hardness, and he was in no hurry to return to the impartial notation of a much jumbled world. His love for beauty, as Michaut points out, resulted rather in a hatred for the ugly and the bourgeois. As an ivory tourist he had evaded, and now (1894 ff.) he came actively to dislike disturbing elements; the suave and superior Epicurean is slow in descending to the marketplace; he gradually alters his tastes. Perhaps he went through a phase of middle-aged readjustment. It is certain that if the earnest eighties moved him to little earnestness, the naughty nineties provoked in him considerable naughtiness.

And how he doubts! And how showers of railery descend throughout the four volumes of the "Histoire Contemporaine"! We are less concerned with Dreyfus and with strict chronology than with noting how France's skepticism is now becoming a blend of Voltaire and Renan, with the former as the predominant influence in his thought.

* * *

What is France's conception of history? Artistic rather than scientific, skeptical of general laws, mocking pedantic documentation, he prefers history in undress and considers that the lofty style is not suited to the facts. A great reader and therefore a "full man," he was in actual practice addicted to resuscitations and "resurrections," in the manner of Michelet, Renan, Flaubert. The periods in which he was most versed were the so-called Alexandrian epoch, as appealing to his many-faceted mind, the Middle Ages (with reservations), and the eighteenth century. He upholds the "mendacity of history." We can accept only those events that are most capably reported. What tells us which facts are historic and which are not? Nor is there any real continuity in the record; it is simply an amazing jumble of events and cross-purposes. The good histories are principally composed of entertaining anecdotes; for the supposedly august lives of the peoples are made up of separate actions, sometimes generous, more often vulgar, insipid, or odious. The alleged "signs of the times" are found more or less in all times. In sum, we cannot really represent the past, to ourselves or to others. Local color and historical novels are no good. Yet Sylvestre Bonnard admired Walter Scott and Anatole France wrote "Thais," to say nothing of the "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc."

There are several Voltairian traits in this attitude toward history. First, we find a certain rationalization of the past. Why was there so much warring in the fifteenth century? "Pour trouver à manger." The warriors spoke of chivalry, but they meant gain. Secondly, war is detestable, conquerors are to be despised, and military service is the most frightful pest of civilized nations. Thirdly, Anatole follows his master in pouncing gleefully on the rôle of the small fact in great happenings. This is what Voltaire calls *le Pyrrhonisme de l'histoire*.

The nineteenth century finds him normally in sardonic vein. The French paid dearly for their Napoleon ("Trinco"), who lost all that he won. A tonic skepticism about the Third Republic, dominates the four volumes of these "Histoire Contemporaine." Here M. Bergeret is Anatole's mouthpiece. Preferably addressing his dog, he heaps a boundless railery upon the established classes: aristocrats, bourgeois, bureaucrats, clergy, military. The proletariat and the intellectuals who defended Dreyfus partly escape, but no others. Society, whatever is organized, is wrong. And the working-classes do not escape as Democrats, because organized Demos is a very inferior article. Wide-open popular government, poorly served, unreflecting, capricious, pleased A. France as little as it pleased Renan, and both drew morals from the American scene.

* * *

But it is time to come to the root of the matter. What is this skeptic's prevailing view of the intellect itself, of philosophy and metaphysics, religion and theology? Like his forefathers, and especially like Bayle and Renan, France is dually minded, am-

bidextrous, perpetually vaulting across the fence of opinion. He parades contradictions and delights in antinomies. "Life is delicious, horrible, frightful and sweet, all at the same time." Professor Mott has written of the "contradictory impulses so characteristic of Renan," who apparently led a curious double life as an indulgent worldling coupled with an ascetic worker and thinker. But Anatole France is not satisfied with a double life; his multiple ego has undergone dissociation, he is a "Don Juan des idées et des sentiments." Is it strange, then, that his literary standards are deliberately chaotic and impressionistic, that his "Thais" is a mosaic of assimilations, that this "Bénédictin narquois" loves periods of confusion and conflict in the mind of man?

For thought is an undoubted evil; and reasoning is "singular, exquisite, monstrous, malign," etc., etc. Reasoning is also essentially *doubting*—and hence let us thrust thinkers outside of humanity. For thought is the worst, the greatest; it is powerless, it is queen, etc., etc. How vain it is to write! . . . Opinions follow the universe in their incoherency and in perpetually forming and reforming, like clouds. Opinions are word-games. Yet for a man who scorned opinions, Anatole France has left a goodly number of them; two of his books bear the word in their titles. There must be something in the authenticity of thought that urged him on.

Just as he prided himself on lack of system in literary criticism, just as he laughed at the *jeux de fiches* of the *savants*, so he refuses order to history and metaphysics. He asserted that his skepticism was mostly metaphysical, and he might have added that his scorn of philosophy is largely Voltairian. For instance, metaphysical works are simply *des romans*, and there is no greater Pyrrhonist than the learned Bergeret. Philosophical systems are held together only by the mortaring of sophists, people who express themselves in feeble animal cries and knock their heads against the blind wall of the Absolute. It pertains to Anatole's double life that Paphnuce and Nectaire indulge in some great metaphysical soaring.

* * *

More truly Anatolian, however, is the addiction to such modern (and very ancient) vices as Relativity, Illusionism, a kind of Evolution, a sort of diminished Epicureanism. Relativity is, of course, his great weapon against the generalizers and monists. Paphnuce said that God is unity and the world is diverse, therefore it is bad; invert every term and you have France's belief. *Les dieux sont des adjectifs*—which exhibits them as diverse enough. And human relativity, anthropomorphism, shows in inflicting ourselves upon every conception and every historical personage—observe how Jeanne d'Arc has been reconceived in our various images. All beliefs, all forms vary according to time and place. Cockroaches are called Russians in Prussia and Sieneese in Florence—and vice versa. If a dragon appears, witnesses quarrel as to its color, until they compromise on *couleur de dragon*. And, of course, Illusion is the power that makes us march, or, as Renan said, that redeems us from mediocrity. It is a condition of existence to believe yourself the center of the universe. We remember the rôle of illusion in love. In fact, everything only seems to happen, it is all *une vaine apparence*. And this appearance flows by endlessly. A modern scientific definition of life might well be: *C'est de l'inconnu qui fiche le camp*.

I pass over France's attitude toward evolution and science, because I am not clear on these matters. One truth for him remains, and one anti-truth. He clings a little wearily to his Epicureanism, with echoes of the earlier enthusiasm; and he becomes more decidedly anti-Christian, Voltairian, more bitter and gloomy in his view of human lives and possibilities.

Viewing the Christian dispensation, old and new, as arising from one Oriental sect among many, Anatole France has no belief in its theogony, its dogmas, its supernatural element, or its scheme of salvation. He is aware of the seductions of religion, which he yet rejects on natural and rationalistic grounds, much as he rejects Rousseauism. Any studious relativist knows that "gods change more than men, because they have a less definite form." We may even watch Anatole's gradual change of views about "Jahveh," the Hebrew god concerning whom he has much to say. Originally a cruel and unjust deity, he has grown milder with age, becoming lax like

A Dream of America

THE GOLDEN VILLAGE. By JOSEPH ANTHONY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. DUFFUS

IN these days of immigration percentages and Ku Klux Klan the parable of the melting pot may seem almost as remote as a chapter from the New Testament. To represent Hungarian, Frenchman, Italian, Jew and American as destined to dwell together in amity, forgetting old racial ties and animosities, is almost as preposterous as to maintain that the meek are blessed or that we should do unto others as we would they should do unto us. For this reason Joseph Anthony's "The Golden Village" may seem to some readers deplorably old-fashioned. It has in it no sting or bite, no malice, no despair. But there are other readers who will find in it not only the naïve, poetic beauty of the parable, but also more than a smattering of truth.

"The Golden Village" is Arpad Romer's dream of America. Eighteen years before the story opens he has assisted the other members of his little Hungarian community to escape from the tax collector and drill sergeant, while he himself, remaining too long, has a fatal affray with an officer and is sentenced to a long term in prison. Upon his release he journeys to America to rejoin, if he can, his old friends, whom he expects to find living together, in a glorified farming community. Coming

Way, we come from some corner or other of Europe, but just the same, we're all of us Americans. It was natural of those old-timers from Hungary to want to start a village all by themselves when they first came over, twenty years ago, but now—how about their children? . . . Now what kind of a country would America be, anyway, if I said I was a Frenchman, and went off to live with a bunch of Frenchmen, and Johnny only went with Hungarian boys and said he was a Hungarian? We're all in the melting pot, that's what it is."

The artistic values of this novel lie in its lucidity, the poetry of its moods, and its almost ingenuous simplicity. In it Mr. Anthony has managed to convey some of the childlike faith and fervor with which multitudes of immigrants have waited for the American skyline to lift itself above their horizon; and to show us, ever so gently, the poignancy and pathos of "Americanization." The honorable gentlemen of the American Defense Society and those sometimes less honorable gentlemen who go out of nights with pillow cases over their heads might learn a little from it. But Mr. Anthony has avoided irony, or is incapable of it. Despite a certain thinness and unworldliness whenever he has occasion to touch upon the material realities of the American scene, he has made a moving and often beautiful book.

Stella Benson's Latest

PIPERS AND A DANCER. By STELLA BENSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

MISS STELLA BENSON is a young English novelist who lives in China and uses North America, which she knows quite well, as a back-drop. Last year in "The Poor Man" it was the same thing. There is more of China and less of the United States in "Pipers and a Dancer" but there is less of the Chinese and more of Americans.

Mary Hippolyta Wilson, called Ipsie, goes to China to marry a great lump of Scotch oatmeal upon whom, in the romantic hey-day of her youth, she has focused her belief that all beautiful lovers died in the war in the person of her brother Conrad. The cereal, by name Jacob Heming, is one of those who fail to make the world think well of them, a bigger and better edition of "The Poor Man" as it were. Ipsie decides that she needs to be prevented from realizing her romantic self and that Jacob is the very apogee of prevention. On her trip to the Orient she meets a young American who is going to China to take Jacob's place at the electric plant in Yunnan. Arrival finds Jacob captured by bandits and everyone being very slow and rather malicious about bargaining for his release. Ipsie, in spite of a tendency to fit into the hollow of the palm of Jacob's sister, the powerful Pauline, is secretly glad of her fiancé's trouble. She drinks two glasses of bubbly stuff and tells the world that she is not going to marry Jacob and that she really would like to have a regiment of lovers instead. The young American spurns the opportunity of heading the regiment. The powerful Pauline is pained. Then some other things happen.

Miss Benson is a writer of great ability. She has wit and facility. One feels that with her equipment she could do almost anything. She does not, however, give the reader a chance. She is always standing in front of the mirror. She seems a little like the small bird with the white patch in his tail (in Robert Frost's "North of Boston") who keeps flying from branch to branch in front of you and takes everything said as personal to himself. To anyone who picks up each book of hers as it appears with a feeling that now at last we shall have something real it is very bewildering. There is always a story. There is always color. There is always a definite and original sharpness. Yet the stature, the roundness, the apprehensibility, if you will, of a vital, human novel is nearly always lacking. Perhaps we have no right to quarrel with Miss Benson on this point. Perhaps the idea of writing a "vital, human novel" would be repulsive to her. Yet she must forgive us if we feel that her unique style would be a great contribution to the art of fiction as it is practiced by the mountebanks who hold it in their grasp to-day. One who has a gift for narrative presentation and a sense of iden-



ANATOLE FRANCE
Drawn by Ivan Opffer

upon Stephen Romer, his orphaned grandson, he invites him to join in the quest, and together they wander "on the side away from New York," seeking for the Golden Village and for men by the names of Sandor, Ormay, Perenyi, Krivatsky and Torok. The wanderings of the two would bring them in touch with an America which has no golden villages, yet reveals to them its wistful and friendly side.

The Golden Village, of course, never existed, except in an old man's dream, and will never come into being, not even in "free" America. What Arpad Romer and his young friend find is "Down Canal Way," the foreign quarter of Harley. Here the mills have sucked up Arpad Romer's Hungarian farmers, killed one or two, and allowed others to escape into prosperity as baker, chemist, lawyer or factory owner, but the stern old man finds none living as Hungarians should, "on the land, in fields of tall grain." This is Arpad Romer's tragedy. They have turned their back on the tradition which is his life. America has had its way with them. He can do nothing but return to his native Arad, wondering if the grapes are as fat as they were in the days of his youth, and whether the people still fight the tax collectors.

"You see," says D'Avray, the Frenchman, "the way I figure it out is this—pretty nearly all of us, Down Canal

the rest of us. Jahveh was once a bad spirit, who kept mankind in stupidity and condemned his own creation. His situation was embarrassing, for he had to remain inactive to demonstrate his perfection, and yet he needed to act in order to prove that he was alive. The question of free-will versus predestination is stated with point in connection with the baptism of the Penguins, when Jahveh declares: "In order not to attack human liberty, I will be ignorant of what I know . . . and in my blind clairvoyance, I will allow myself to be surprised by what I have foreseen." Again: "Although immutable by essence, the longer I live the more I incline to gentleness. This change of character is apparent to any one who reads my two Testaments." So we learn, in another place, that Jahveh lacks neither wit, nor fancy, nor cosmic force.

But the Adversary is fully as well equipped. Following Bayle, France dallies with Manichaeism, or the belief that the Power of Evil is also a splendid deity and may often triumph. "A great artist and a great *savant*, he has made at least half the world." He certainly shows strength in "La Révolte des Anges" (which with "S L'Ile de Pingouins" best represents his scheme of things entire), where he overthrows Jahveh and becomes a more fortunate Lucifer. Satanism and devil-worship are found in this book, in the "Contes de Jacques Tournebroke" and in much of "Le Puits de Sainte-Claire." Judging from his conduct in these tales of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, I doubt whether the Prince of Darkness is always a gentleman.

Most readers will recall the grim irony of "Le Procureur de Judée," wherein Christ has vanished from the memory of Pilate. Similarly, in a story called "Gallion," Paul is subjected to a lowering treatment, by the side of other disputators of the time. Like his forefathers, France occasionally applies a rationalizing process to the supernatural. This process, however, may belong to the whole manner of reconstructing Joan of Arc, which demands special consideration. It is difficult to understand those who call this book a constant depreciation of the French heroine, a second "La Pucelle." It is true that the author uses rationalization concerning the supernatural, but his whole attitude is admiring rather than sneering. He esteems Joan's courage, her spirituality, her virginity. Her hallucinations are viewed indulgently as characteristic of the age. "My crime is that I have replaced the Maid of Orleans in the current of life and humanity." The book is best studied as a pendant to Renan's "Vie de Jésus": emphasis on the setting, on the spirit of the age, the depiction of the pastoral life, even to the language probably used. In his notable "Discours à Tréguier," Anatole salutes Renan as a fellow-skeptic and fellow-worshipper of Pallas Athene, representing wisdom and enlightenment. It is evident that France's final, or idealistic period has dawned. In the nineteenth century he was a skeptic, in the twentieth he was mainly a believer in social justice, and in the progress of the people ("Vers les temps Meilleurs").

We cannot follow him into this last phase, in which he grew more indulgent and humane; but it is evident that, as in the case of Voltaire, a study of the constructive side of Anatole France is essential to the complete picture. He has, indeed, furnished a final reconciliation of the two sides. In his own statement called "The Skeptic's Creed":

Skeptic! Yes, they still call me a skeptic, and what they intend as an insult I consider a compliment. All the masters of French thought have been skeptics [he names them] . . . and I am their humble pupil. They were often the most constructive and courageous of men. They denied only negative values. They attacked whatever hindered intelligence and free-will. And after much meditation, concerning human misery . . . they were possessed by pity and fraternal love. He who thought himself forever detached from the combat leaps in to succor the unfortunate. . . . Truly, the poor skeptics have been much abused. Disappointed idealists, they remain idealists incorruptible. And their frequent irony is only the expression of their discouragement.

The German Government has asked for soldiers' diaries and letters written at the front during the war. A bureau has been established to receive and preserve such material as a part of the history of the great conflict.

tity of character can ill afford to give all her energies to service as an amanuensis of the trivial. Perhaps Miss Benson is bent upon recording simply the human comedy of herself. She is an interesting person and has a right to do so but she should not be self-conscious about it. She should not let her characters say, as one of them does in the present book, that she is acting " . . . just like the heroine of a Stella Benson novel." That sort of thing is likely to be used against her.

There is a great deal of merit in "Pipers and a Dancer," for all its shortcoming. Miss Benson knows Americans well and apparently dislikes them without hating them. This genial bias helps her to sketch them in very brilliantly. Rodd Inness, the successor of Jacob at the electrical plant, is a very likely person. So is Mrs. Sophie Tooloose Hinds, magazine writer and purveyor of messages to womankind. Sister Pauline is very vivid and actual. She is annoying just as a flesh and blood woman of her kind would be annoying. Jacob, too, is in command of some of the best moments in the book. But Ipsie, who should be the life blood of the story, is at best a not very Mendelian composite of the various elements of her parentage. Her creator does not seem to have realized that you cannot describe a girl as one thing and keep her appalled in contradictory flesh, nor give her belying words to speak. To do so throws too much light on the strings from which the puppet dangles.

The finish, when the strings get tangled inextricably and the lady up above gives them a vicious yank in the hope that something will happen, is the most disappointing feature of a disappointing book. Something does happen, but Ipsie does not come alive. The audience leaves with almost as great a sense of exasperation as it must have taken to propel the author's pen through these several acts of marionetting, and with a few memorable things—a picture of the Chinese mountains, of Jacob waiting for guests at a party that never came off, of an exile's longing for English spring-haunting a distasteful memory.

A Manful Novel

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By ARTHUR TRAIN.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924.
\$2.00.

Reviewed by HENRY B. FULLER

MR. TRAIN'S latest novel is a mansize piece of work; it presents a manful selection of material manfully employed. This material is comprehensive and somewhat miscellaneous, but it is all drawn to unification by and under its title. Those who remain adepts in Scriptural lore will perceive at once that the book deals with the difficulties which encompass "great wealth," in the Rooseveltian phrase, or "great possessions," in words drawn from a still higher source. How can a man administer well an immensity of millions? How, if so minded, can he give them away without doing more harm than good? How, through all the complexities of modern life, can he save himself, as he staggers along under his burden, through the labyrinth of present-day economic conditions?

Thus in the abstract. Now for the concrete. We have to do with a young man of twenty-seven, whose father—a banker, and a banker only—leaves him a hundred million dollars in New York and extensive coal properties in West Virginia. The father is good, in his way and according to his lights; and the son would be better. Mr. Train is immensely *au fait* as regards modern finances and big business—perhaps even too much so for the higher ranges of art—and little that the student ought to know about financial procedure in the metropolis or about economic and social conditions in the remote field worked by the metropolitan millions, remains unelucidated. In the most serious and expository passages the novelist tends, indeed, to hold himself and his functions in abeyance: now and then characterization pauses, the scene dims, and what we get is the essential deposit of a treatise or tract. The thought that emerges uppermost is this: that the financial side of business should not be allowed to supplant or extinguish the human side; that the very largeness of scale on which men now conduct the business that is warfare—or the warfare that is busi-

ness—tends to banish the personal relationships so advantageous among human view, great and small; that the best of intentions, if operating under the difficulties of long range, go but a little way; and that the great dangers threatening America is suffocation under "the overwhelming mass of national wealth that it is itself creating."

"The Needle's Eye," as may now be apprehended, is laid up in alternate strata of novel and of thesis. The novel is good; the thesis, too, is good; the combination is somewhat less good. Also, the secondary figures incline to surpass in interest the primary ones. The rich young man who would do the right thing has often been met before; equally so, the earnest young woman on the opposing side. But in the controversy the motives actuating the many people on both sides are treated with fairness: justice is done the wealthy few who would do better if they were closer by and more clearly informed, and the suffering many who would be less violent in thought and deed, if not viewed as human creatures and if not led—and misled—by the self-seeking and corrupt.

The young man and the young woman are put through many a stirring phase of adventure before understanding comes, and they end in a close-up such as has become, by this time, almost the prerogative of another art. The scriptural phrasing of the accompanying subtitle would warm the heart of David W. Griffith; and so would the heroine's automatic recourse, on leaving an unsatisfactory home and mother, to the familiar suit-case. To an elderly person, at least, the most satisfactory and successful part of the book is its portrayal of rich old men. Uncle Shiras Graham, that sinister, indecent and yet farcical octogenarian, is the great figure and feature of these pages. Him, at least, we have not met before; indeed, one may pray, rather vehemently, never to meet him again, whether in a book, or, more calamitously, in actual life. But he is of intense interest wherever he appears.

When one has tired of unionization and of miners' wages, or of the not unfamiliar difficulties of hero and heroine, this worthy old sinner, done with immense elaboration and gusto, is ready to resume his grip on one's attention. His belated and thwarted attempt to give his fifty millions to the cause of scientific research is one of the most sardonic passages in recent fiction.

The Tragedy of Liberalism

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW. By
STEPHEN MCKENNA. Boston: Little, Brown
and Co. 1924. \$2.00 net.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

SOME years ago, before the deluge, a brilliant young gentleman, fresh from Oxford, looked upon the smart world of London and found it very good indeed. He paid his respects to it in a series of sparkling novels in which froth and flippancy, characteristic of the world he found, were often more conspicuous than serious thought. Now, on the threshold of middle age, the same gifted writer again surveys his world and is frankly dismayed.

In "To-morrow and To-morrow" Mr. McKenna gives, as it were, an extra and final instalment of the trilogy that he called "The Sensationalists." Indeed he brings to completion this series of novels barely in time to escape the authorship of an octology or some such awful thing. "Lady Lilith," "The Education of Eric Lane" and "The Secret Victory" are hardly more closely knit together one with another than they are with "Sonia," "Midas and Son" and "Sonia Married," and now with the present story—all engaged with the fortunes of the same group of people.

In the preface to this volume we have Mr. McKenna's solemn promise that he has done with Sonia and David O'Rane, with Eric Lane and the temperamental Lady Barbara Neave—all that band of "Sensationalists" with whom he has companioned for so long and some of whom his readers have not hesitated to identify with actual characters con-

spicuous in the public eye. In joining Mr. McKenna in his farewell to this group of characters a parting tribute is called for. If the earlier volumes in which they figure had the appearance of superficiality, Mr. McKenna might well plead that so had the characters. That pleasant world to which the author came after his Oxford days and in which he found charming people of wealth and impregnable social position was, after all, a somewhat superficial world, and on the whole, even before Mr. McKenna was out of his literary apprenticeship, he reflected the world he knew with a good deal of fidelity. Then came the deluge. The gay and rather superficial group which at the end of July, 1914, was gracefully amusing itself in spacious country houses was brought suddenly face to face with fundamental issues of life and death. In the years that followed, to its everlasting credit, it remained gay even though it turned serious. By November 11th, 1918, the world which this group had so blithely enjoyed four years earlier had almost disappeared and so in considerable part had the group itself. Throughout this period Mr. McKenna has reflected with a good deal of accuracy the play and inter-play of passions and emotions among which he moved. Like his group, he never lost heart while the work of war was on. Now, in the final novel of the series, that work is over, and Mr. McKenna, still reflecting the spirit of his group, is plainly dismayed.

In "To-morrow and To-morrow," starting with the first Armistice Day, Mr. McKenna carries the story up to the general election of 1922, and concludes with the pathetic convergence upon London of groups of marching unemployed. There is little story-telling in this volume and what there is is unquestionably below Mr. McKenna's usual powers. He takes up again the hectic career of Lady Barbara Neave, now married to George Oakleigh, and as it were in parallel columns we have the further progress of the married life of the reunited Sonia and David O'Rane, but so far as the story goes it is all unsatisfactory and unconvincing. The brilliant and incalculable Lady Babs no longer intrigues us, while even the blinded and pathetic but still romantic figure, David O'Rane himself, seems to appeal in vain for our sympathy. The fact is, Mr. McKenna is less concerned here to tell a story than to paint a picture. An alternative title might have been "The Tragedy of Liberalism." In the dismay of George Oakleigh over the Liberal *débacle* of 1918 and 1920 we see reflected Mr. McKenna's own chagrin over the pitiable disintegration of a historic party. What, he seems to ask, is going to happen to a world from which Gladstonian Liberalism has faded? Well, there are those who would point out that men of the Manchester school who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, as a result of the cataclysm of the war, deserve no better fate. But a book review is not a political discussion. "To-morrow and To-morrow" reflects with a good deal of accuracy the pain and bewilderment felt by many, especially of the younger generation, at the failure of the Versailles Treaty to give any promise of a more reasonable order of things in the future, and the growing despair with which they have watched their world rushing eadlong, as it seemed to them, to self-destruction. A cynic may mock at Mr. McKenna's dismay with the retort that only an ass ever expected a warless world, but there is no doubt that Mr. McKenna has drawn a remarkably true and vivid picture of that portion of his world which he sees.

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Posthumous Thunder

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. With an Introduction by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1924. 2 Vols. \$10.00.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

IT is impossible to tell from Mr. Paine's introduction just how much of Mark Twain's autobiography has been included in this edition. Not all, certainly, for the original must have been immense, and Mr. Paine points out that such sections as now bear the titles "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," "Is Shakespeare Dead?" and "The Death of Jean" have already been issued separately. Moreover, there is the author's warning which seems to promise more than is fulfilled: "I am writing from the grave. On these terms only can a man be approximately frank. He cannot be straitly and unqualifiedly frank either in the grave or out of it." Are there still further candors to be expected? Or was Mark Twain really so cautious that the occasional oburgations of this book seemed to him untempered violence? These questions ought to be answered one way or the other, and not slurred over as they have here been by Mr. Paine. His biography of Mark Twain and his collection of his hero's letters have awakened hopes which the official text of the autobiography does not gratify.

Not that the autobiographer is often tame. He says of a certain "H—," whose full name does not appear, that he

is a great, fat, good-natured, kind-hearted, chicken-livered slave; with no more pride than a tramp, no more sand than a rabbit, no more moral sense than a wax figure, and no more sex than a tapeworm.

He refers to "Funston, the man who captured Aguinaldo by methods which would disgrace the lowest blatherskite that is doing time in any penitentiary." He approaches the figure of Roosevelt with a directness which must outrage the disciples who are at present busy turning the Rough Rider into a rosy myth and a golden vested interest.

President Roosevelt probably never thinks of the right way to do anything. That is why he has secretaries who are not able to think of the right way to do anything. . . . He flies from one thing to another with incredible dispatch—throws a somersault and is straightway back again where he was last week. He will then throw some more somersaults and nobody can foretell where he is finally going to land after the series.

And again:

The President is always prodigal of letters and telegrams to Tom, Dick, and Harry, about everything and nothing. He seems never to lack time from his real duties to attend to duties that do not exist.

And still again, with one prophetic finger pointing forward to the epigones of the Roosevelt dynasty:

These great dailies . . . tell us what the President said yesterday and what he is going to do today. They tell us what the children of his family have been saying, just as the princelings of Europe are daily quoted—and we notice that the remarks of the Roosevelt children are distinctly princely in that the things they say are notably not worth while.

So far as contemporaries are concerned, Mark Twain's anger is most outspoken when he touches Leonard Wood, particularly in the comments dictated in 1908 upon the massacre of six hundred Moros in the crater of an extinct volcano near Jolo.

There, with six hundred engaged on each side, we lost fifteen men killed outright, and we had thirty-two wounded. . . . The enemy numbered six hundred—including women and children—and we abolished them utterly. *This is incomparably the greatest victory that was ever achieved by the Christian soldiers of the United States.*

Though Roosevelt congratulated Wood upon his deed, Mark Twain insists that he knew this was no brilliant feat of arms—and would not have been a brilliant feat of arms even if Christian America, represented by its salaried soldiers, had shot them down with Bibles and the Golden Rule instead of bullets. He knew perfectly well that our uniformed assassins had not upheld the honor of the American flag, but had done as they have been doing continuously for eight years in the Philippines—that is to say, they had dishonored it.

But quotation cannot do justice to these comments; they are full of a steady, ominous rage that does not rise into epigram or dictum. If Mark Twain had taken anything like the stand on the Philippine question that Zola took on the Dreyfus affair, history might have been different; at least the decent minority of the moment could hardly have been so easily overruled or so lightly forgotten.

But Mark Twain took no such stand. Emphatic as he was upon all sorts of public topics from 1898 to the year of his death, he was likely to speak once and then hold his peace, doubting that anything could be done by him or anybody. The autobiography hardly bears out the argument of

Van Wyck Brooks to the effect that the satirist of "The Gilded Age" turned into the idylist of "Huckleberry Finn" from motives, in the main, of prudence. Instead, it bears witness on many pages that Mark Twain was, for all his rough power, a man imperfectly schooled in any kind of knowledge or in any kind of logic. His attitude toward business and business men was frequently as naïve as any Babbitt's. He could say of Helen Keller that "she is fellow to Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Homer, Shakespeare, and the rest of the immortals. She will be as famous a thousand years from now as she is to-day." Such remarks simply call to mind the remarks of this or that village sage who is no doubt at this instant averring: "Yes, sir, I claim that Cal Coolidge is one of the greatest men this country ever produced—or any country, for that matter." You learn nothing about the subject of the speech, but only something about the speaker.

Yet the hot emotions of Mark Twain manage to give something like the same impression as the cool intelligence of, say, Anatole France. He loved all righteousness and hated all iniquity. Casual and repetitious and disorderly as his autobiography is, a mere anthology of table talk of which two-thirds was thrown off during three months of 1906, it no doubt adds something to the work already done by the authorized biography and the letters. That work is one of the most significant items in the reputation of Mark Twain. Gradually his accomplishments as a humorist are being reduced in the ratio they bear to his accomplishments as a commentator. The world which knew him in the flesh too often failed to distinguish him at many points from its favorite clown. But that world, having a short memory, turns naturally from him to other, newer clowns. The more reflective world, which alone keeps alive the fame of a writer after his death, finds more and more in Mark Twain to remember him by, as more and more of his posthumous work sees the light. It is as if he had cannily kept his powder dry during his lifetime and had stored up far more than any one had dreamed, leaving it to be set off in magnificent memorial explosions after his death. The autobiography makes no such an explosion as "The Mysterious Stranger" or the letters, but it is far from being a damp fizzle. It crackles constantly, and now and then it stuns. The question remains: Is there more of it somewhere?

Roosevelt the Man

LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$2.50.

THE LETTERS OF ARCHIE BUTT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$5.00.

Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THE accumulation of Roosevelt material, like that of Wilson material, goes gaily on. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him, was the remark of Antony; but the friends of American great men seem disposed to bury their heroes under a huge aggregation of praise.

In this somewhat incoherent mass, however, what is most immediately personal is for the present most profitable. Abstract estimates made at such short range are apt to be misleading; but records of what the man actually said, better still, of what he actually wrote, have their permanent value and will fit into their place when the final appraisal of the future comes.

The letters to Mrs. Cowles have no particular importance as letters. They are the intimate expression of a busy man who had little time or inclination for self-analysis. They are pleasant in their natural ease and especially in their outpouring of genuine affection. And here and there we have a touch which reveals character:

It seems perfectly wonderful, in looking back over my eighteen years of existence, to see how I have literally never spent an unhappy day, unless by my own fault.

When the Butt letters were published serially, some persons quarreled with their indiscretion. I see no reason for this. The writer himself is dead, and he is dealing with figures of such prominence that they must expect to have their private affairs become public, whether they like it or not. This is the penalty which greatness and those connected with it cannot escape. Here again, as with Roosevelt's own, the letters are not very profound, not so significant psychologically as they might be. But no one could have such opportunities for observation and not catch a good deal, and Captain Butt's pic-

ture of White House life is vivid, always renders the surface picturesquely, and sometimes more than the surface. Take this bit of swift portrayal of his chief:

It is the quickness of the man's physical movements which gives one the impression of bounding in and out of the rooms, as I have seen him described by the ever-interesting correspondents.

Among various Rooseveltian traits three, I think, are most brought out in these two volumes of letters. In the first place there is the man's singular and delightful simplicity. His soul was multiple and complex, no doubt, like most souls and more than most. But he gives you a charming impression of laying it bare, not with any deliberate self-revelation, but merely with an instinctive frankness. This appears especially in the Cowles letters. Sometimes he doubts himself and his powers and his future, and says so: "I wonder if I won't find everything in life too big for my abilities." Again, he feels that he has done well and he proclaims it with the same attractive honesty:

Seriously I think I can say with absolute truthfulness that I have administered this Governorship better than it has ever been administered before in my time—better than Cleveland administered it.

Besides the simplicity, and of course nearly related to it, there is the candor. It is well known and generally admitted that Roosevelt could keep his own counsel when he saw fit, none closer. But himself makes this perfectly clear:

He deals with each member of his cabinet separately, and often one cabinet member has no idea what is going on in another department until some important change is announced through the press.

But the general impression is that of speaking right out to you, of letting you see constantly the passionate vital process in his mind. "He simply talks as he thinks." Again,

There is always a perfect abandonment in the way he gives out confidences and I often stop to wonder if it is the President of the United States speaking or some intimate chum of my college days.

Further, from all these Roosevelt documents you certainly get a sense of bigness. We will leave greatness to be settled a hundred years hence. But bigness there is beyond dispute. Without offensive conceit, certainly without a trace of the Prussian Wilhelm's bursting egomania, this man seemed to fill a room, he fills these books that are written about him, he filled the United States, in a way he filled the world. There was an abounding, superb force there that was well-nigh irresistible, was irresistible to those who came into direct contact with him. And this force was of just the quality to fascinate the American people. It delighted them, it magnetized them, it hypnotized them, it does still. "I have come to the conclusion," says Captain Butt, "that he better understands the American people than any one man in the past fifty years." And Mark Twain, who did not especially love Roosevelt, but who himself exercised over his countrymen something of the same magnetic charm, puts the matter in his recently published Autobiography far more effectively:

He is the most popular human being that has ever existed in the United States, and the popularity springs from just these enthusiasms of his—these joyous ebullitions of excited sincerity. . . . He can't stick to one of them long enough to find out what kind of a chick it would hatch if it had a chance, but everybody recognizes the generosity of the intention and admires it and loves him for it.

Taylor and His System

FREDERICK W. TAYLOR, FATHER OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT. By FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1923. 2 vols.

Reviewed by IDA M. TARBELL

NO man in the history of American industry has made a larger contribution to genuine coöperation and juster human relations than did Frederick Winslow Taylor by his Principles of Scientific Management. He is one of the few—very few—creative geniuses of our times.

The importance of the principles which Taylor developed has been amply demonstrated, but their potentiality has been hardly touched. It is the future that will prove what they can do for humanity. A few wise men have seen this from the start. Lenine saw it. The best of the American, English and French industrialists have seen it, but the world at large barely knows his name or knowing it execrates it as that of one who has taught how men might be more effectually exploited.

It is most fortunate that the first life of Taylor should have been done by one who understands the

meaning to humanity of his work as well as one who appreciates to the full his unusually pungent personality, also by one who was not afraid of the hard work of mastering great masses of difficult technical material thoroughly enough to interpret them to the general reader. Frank Barkley Copley, the author of this life, has given himself to the task as fully as a man could and as gladly, for he revered Taylor and his aims and asked nothing better than to help others to understand him.

Taylor, born and bred in gentle surroundings, was cut off from college by defective eyesight. He turned by natural instinct to industry—his aim engineering. He began at the bottom in a shop, and immediately this youngster of unspoiled intelligence and of entire integrity of character found that he was set down in a world where management was hit-and-miss and where operations were conducted by rule-of-thumb. He found himself held back by the superstitions, taboos, suspicions, ignorance of employer and employee. The industrial world of the 70's was one of fallacies. On the side of the employer was a superstitious fear of overproduction and a belief that "the lower the wages the higher the profit." On the side of the employed was a corollary fear that there was only so much work to be done and therefore you must do only so much in a day and never as much as you could. Machines must be held in. To young Taylor all of this was wrong in aim, cruel in effects and false in principle.

In the first interview I ever had with Frederick Taylor he began by telling me how early he had been impressed with the idea that the mission of industry was to produce abundantly in order that all men might enjoy abundantly. To limit your own production or others' production, not to give the fullest opportunity and the fullest return to each for what each did, impressed him as defrauding humanity and curbing human capacity, and yet that seemed to be the practice of both labor and capital.

He was a blunt man, and from the beginning of his shop associations fought his fellow workmen, his foreman, his employer on these points. Not only did he struggle to get out of a machine all of which it was capable but he fought to improve both machines and processes. Invention after invention poured from his fertile hand and brain—a steam hammer, of which so great an engineer as Gantt has said, "I do not know a more daring piece of engineer construction." Then the art of metal cutting—a better steel for tool—revolutionary developments. There were improvements in belting, in oil machines. Nothing that he had to do with satisfied him, so deep was his feeling that man's business in the world is to improve all he touches.

One of Mr. Copley's achievements in this book is making the reader feel the struggle of mind, the struggle in human relations that it cost Taylor to effect each one of these changes. He had men against him—the men he worked with, the men over him. He was a nuisance—a dreamer—a disturber of the things that are; and every form of opposition, including continuous ridicule, followed his efforts. But he could not be stopped or downed—the creative power was too intense in him. He had too great a reverence for it to allow stupidity and narrowness to chill or hinder it.

These inventions and improvements of his show the mettle of the man; but there was something broader than mechanical genius and an unbreakable will to keep it active. There was a most interesting and beautiful sense of human beings alive in Taylor. He saw their capacities atrophied by the industrial fallacies of the times and from the start he sought to free them. A man should have pride in his own capacity. He should have an incentive to make the most of himself. In every shop he entered he endangered his position by his unwillingness that the earning capacity of any man should in any way be hindered. He wanted a man to make all that he rightfully could and he wanted to help him in that by making the conditions under which he labored stimulating rather than hindering. That meant that a man must work in an orderly, systematized shop, have helpers when necessary, be trained for his task, be in constant friendly relations with the management, his suggestions listened to, instruction given him if needed.

It was out of this effort to make the most of men that his Principles of Management grew—the greatest contribution that we have had, in our time certainly, to the future of labor, for these principles free the employee from rule-of-thumb, bring science to the aid of his task, boldly announcing that there is no task so humble that it is not worthy of scientific

study—boldly announcing that the study cannot be done by superiors and imposed upon the worker but that it must be done in coöperation with the worker, and that his ideas must be heeded and studied. His system would take unskilled labor out of the world, would give a formula for every task and furnish training to the man who undertook that task.

It was by years of study and experiment, made under constant hindrance and ridicule, that Taylor developed these principles. Copley shows us vividly how the man's vision, integrity, fighting spirit slowly and surely demonstrated them. It is a great story of a human fight and victory.

First Aid to the Reader

A READER'S GUIDE BOOK. By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1924. \$2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN COTTON DANA
Librarian, Newark Public Library

MRS. BECKER has long been a friend of readers, and has helped thousands of them in their search for what each year becomes more difficult to find: the best books on a specific subject. Yes, and better than that: the best books for the specific inquiring reader. It was never an easy task to give an answer born of knowledge and touched with common sense to the question "What shall I read about this and that and the other?" Never, that is, since books began to be so plentiful and were gathered here and there into libraries of tens of thousands. And in these days, when collections of hundreds of thousands await their readers in every city and when new books come from the press in multitudes each year, only one born to the task, swift and wide-ranging in her reading, and skilled in the use of all available aids to finding the right books for specific purposes, can answer to any good results the varied queries of would-be readers. I do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Becker has these qualifications.

She began, several years ago, to answer in the New York *Evening Post*, questions sent in by readers of that paper about the best books for this and that purpose. When the literary department of the *Post* became a quasi-independent weekly journal, Mrs. Becker's column was very properly transferred to it. And now that fortune, Mr. Canby and his friends, have produced for us this journal we are gratified to find that Mrs. Becker is one of Mr. Canby's co-workers thereon.

The book that permits me to say here pleasant things about her work is made up of a selection of the many answers she has published in recent years. Glance at its table of contents and you will see that it is apt in the topics it discusses. By this I mean that it tells folks what it is best to read—or at least what it is wise to read—on scores of the subjects that are today in the minds and on the lips of alert and intelligent people—subjects that all of us can mention and that the readers among us are eager to pursue in books. You will see that it covers novels, short stories, essays, the arts, education, religion and ethics, writing as a profession, the surface of the world and the inhabitants thereof, history, sociology, foreign languages and literature, philosophy, psychology, humor, the drama, gypsies, dogs, the learned professions, politics, newspapers, the new poetry, oratory, English pronunciation, literary geography, climatology, industry and commerce, etiquette, costume, textiles, marriage, libraries and the movies.

As a librarian I am a little inclined—as are most of my fellows in the library craft—to make light of guidance in the choice of books. Among the important tools of our trade are guides to reading and study. A library can turn up for you a vast array of helps in the way of book lists. Swan Sonnenschein's "Best Books" names 5,000 titles in its edition of 30 years ago. Frederick Harrison was content, in his famous essay, to name only one or two score; an encyclopedia points to the good sources on each of thousands of subjects; and the "best 100 novels" and the "best sellers" of last week, and the "best books of last year," and hundreds of other lists, guides, evaluations and the like, are all in the librarian's handy kit of first aids. Quite naturally, then, he says, "And who is this Mrs. Becker who tells people what to read on the West Wind and the Changes of the Moon?"

Well, her book discloses her—just as does her weekly series of answers in this journal—as a person equipped by nature with a restrained sympathy

for that particular blend of knowledge and curiosity which reads some and wants to read more; as a person with a keen interest in the life of today that enables her to select for answers such of the many questions that come to her as bear on subjects which are uppermost in the minds of most of us; as a person who loves to see the world of today display itself in books and who manages to keep a discriminating eye on that display; as a person who almost automatically marks down the books she sees—most of them for a few moments only, of course—as fit for this and that and the other purpose, and able to illumine the fairly intelligent reader in this or that topic; and as a person with no small skill in writing and especially with the rare skill of putting into a taking phrase the attractive points in the personality of almost any good book.

Now, having set down so much in praise, I may as well go a little farther and say that the librarian can not find in his guides, lists and other tools quite the equals of the brief illuminations of the good print on specific topics that Mrs. Becker sets before us.

The book should be in every library that is active and gracious enough to deserve its title. And in spite of its name, which will condemn it to those unfortunate and self-confident ones who are so boldly ignorant as to travel abroad and yet condemn Mr. Baedeker—it is a book that will bear reading. It is not to be picked up for relaxation, but for refreshing one's desire for knowing. Find in it a topic on which you feel that, as a constant and interested reader, you are well informed, and you will quickly discover that after all you are not up with the times even on your favorite subject!

Tierra Del Fuego

VOYAGING SOUTHWARD FROM THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN. By ROCKWELL KENT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924. \$7.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I REMEMBER well the publication of Mr. Kent's "Wilderness," and the flashing suggestion of Blake which its remarkable picture carried. Whether Blake has been the inspiration of Mr. Kent's pictorial art I leave to those more expert in such matters than I to decide, but certainly Blake's name must be brought into a review of this new book. For like Blake, Rockwell Kent is a versatile creator who can make the sister crafts of writing and drawing sing together in harmony. He speaks through both the text and the pictures of his book.

I do not know why Mr. Kent chooses such far away lands as Alaska and Tierra del Fuego for his bookmaking, unless he finds inspiration only at the Antipodes and interest only in the absence of conventional civilization. He could have made such a study as "Voyaging" within a hundred miles of New York, for with all credit to his besotted Indians, his happy islanders, and reckless sailors, and with due appreciation of his gentle guanacos, his glaciers, and the farwithdrawing Cape Horn, it is Kent himself that determines the character of his book. Of the pictures I am not so sure, for the worn underquarters of the world in their whites and blacks give distinctive quality. You would know Tierra del Fuego after seeing them, even in a dream. But in the prose of this remarkable book Kent is dominant.

The text of his haphazard and ill-provided attempt to reach the Horn by sail boat and horseback is, like so much of Hudson's narrative, made up of little incidents held in the grasp of a high endeavor. It is not always clear narrative for it rambles like the dotted line on the map of the author's voyaging, yet it prints upon the imagination pictures as black and white as the woodcuts. Not the story, but the scenes are important—the Christmas tree at Haberton, the hunt for guanacos and its restless brutality which the author tried vainly to quell by repeating the sonnet "Returning Home at Evening—"

And in that spot, where there had been the beauty of those living things, was but the dull wilderness again, with hoarse men's voices shouting from the lake, and Gomez firing futilely at the deserted mountain side. . . . The hideous thing was irresistible, and cursing them, I followed.

Mr. Kent just misses the full consciousness of a great narrative art. He is a little too unpretentious, too casual, too sparing of emphasis in great moments (I speak of his prose, not his pictures). But

the self-consciousness of little writers is entirely absent, and therefore we have a book worthy of its pictures, worthy of the name of literature.

Realism has been the curse of much descriptive and narrative writing in our period. The advance of science and the increase of scholarship have frightened the petty writer. He has felt vaguely that he must deal with fact, or escape the rigors altogether. Hence in his books he has dully swept together the details of living, point by point, as they occurred or tried to escape from tiresome truth by borrowing those figures of fancy which every age sets up to represent its desires, sprightly heroines, melodramatic adventure, a conventionalized world. Artlessly, or so it seems, Rockwell Kent, by obeying his own nature, has lifted his narrative of travel to a plane where such material can have literary importance. He has infused experience with his own emotions and written, not so much chronicle as the refinement and concentration of memory. His best scenes glow with the color which perforce had to be left out of his illustrations. His prose has the rhythm of happy expression. It is the style of a man who writes, listening to the echoes in his mind from the lash of waves, the sound of strange voices, the pulse of new wisdom, the thoughts of "days on horseback, scouring the miles of rolling open pasture land, on paths through the tall, dark forest, following deep, thundering gorges of the river." It is a good prose for a wanderer, beautiful and informal. Other wanderers have written better, though few in our time. One feels that Kent's art in words is less individualized than his painting, where the very harshness is a mark of final perfection in a style made utterly his own. Other wanderers (notably Borrow) have focussed experience more intensely, but few have been able to give to their books two wholly satisfactory tongues.

"Voyaging" is a queer book to come out of standardized America. Perhaps, like some of our architecture, it is a portent. Blakes keep being born into the most conventionalized of worlds. You cannot break such men by public opinion. You cannot reduce them to the common denominator of a million circulation. They escape convention by ignoring it, and being determined to please themselves must be original or perish in self contempt. Those who survive the pressure of modern journalism, and some are bound to do so, are like the old men of the Middle Ages, incredibly tough, by dint of mere survival. There has been more standardized writing in the United States than in all the rest of the world. It would not be surprising if in the future we should produce more original books also, for strong tendencies breed stronger opposites. This lies in the uncertain future, but here and now is a real book that is no inconsiderable feather in the caps of American *belles lettres* and American *beaux arts*.

H. W. Massingham, whose recent death has befreited British journalism of one of its most notable figures, during the period in which he served as literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle* "created," says H. W. Nevinnson in a brief appreciation of him published in the *Manchester Guardian*, "the literary pages which for many years remained a distinctive feature of the *Chronicle*, and produced many imitators. . . . The idea was due to Massingham's own love of literature, and his rapid perception of what was best in the flood of books that flows into a newspaper office. As an instance of his perception I may notice that once, when I had succeeded him as literary editor under his editorship of the paper, I had written a long review of Bernard Shaw's 'Complete Wagnerite,' and after sending it up I had an idea which I knew would much improve it. I rushed down to the office to insert my sentence, called for the proof, and stood silent with astonishment to find my addition already there. Though the addition was not at all obvious, Massingham had himself inserted it, and in the same words I intended to use."

In the collection of book and manuscripts, which the University of Texas purchased three years ago, of the estate of the late Genaro Garcia, a distinguished scholar of the City of Mexico, there was recently discovered an old manuscript written on paper made from the fiber of the maguay plant, which gives an account of the Hermandado Cortez expedition to Mexico, written by a member of the invading force more than 400 years ago.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Letter

CHESTERTON once said, my dear fellow, that though the British Empire had discovered almost everything else it had never discovered England. Perhaps indeed it is the Americans—some Americans—who are most likely to discover it: for we bring to it so healthy an appetite for just those viands that are the blood and gravy of English feeling. At home, often, our minds are stuffed rather than fed.

You begin to discover England when you get aboard the boat-train at the Gare du-Nord. Those voices: how adorably indescribably odd to the American ear! It is, seemingly, your own tongue, for (to your surprise, after months in France) you find you can understand the fragments you overhear: yet it is said in the most delicious lifting and softness of intonation. As different from our lingo as English grass from American grass. Then, when you go into the wagon-restaurant for a cup of tea, you find that the French (with their divine and erring courtesy) have tried to make their guests at home. There are little pots of marmalade on the tables, and platters of what the Company of Wagon-Lits fondly believes to be toast. And even slices of "plum-cake." The other day in Paris a pink-cheeked little English flapper sat next to Titania and me at Smith's tea-room, over the bookshop, rue de Rivoli, and had a thoroughly girlish snack: ice-cream with buttered toast. Then she called for "A slice of plum-cake," and I knew that England wasn't far away. The fields of the Somme were won not on the playgrounds of Eton but in the tea-rooms of J. Lyons. You've heard of British Lyons. I can't quite make you understand why that pretty child (her name, I think, was Kathleen) asking for "plum-cake" was to me a whole essay on European history.

On the deck of the cross-channel steamer *Riviera*, Boulogne to Folkestone. Is there anything more exciting than seeing, from mid-stream, a dark wet night, the lights of France and England simultaneously? All those lighthouses twinkling away like drugstores on both sides of a wide street. France seems to have the best of it: the light at Gris-Nez is brightest of all. "Do you know, sir," said the charmingly polite English passport officer, questioning me in the smokeroom, "You're positively the first American I've ever met without a middle initial." Only the non-British have to be passported on the boat: there were a few French, several Americans, and a little Jap giggling to everyone with almost hysterical friendliness. The Englishmen were mostly at the bar, ordering "a small Bass."

What a day, my ancient! At 5:30 of a cold rainy morning, coffee on the far western coast of Normandy. At midday, filet of sole and a bottle of Aloxe-Corton with the Caliph at Marguery's in Paris. Passing through Amiens and Abbéville, that dark devastation which the Wagon-Lits stewards deem tea. In the second-class compartment from Folkestone to Victoria, "a small Bass," while I read in an evening paper, with shame, an American playwright's article explaining why he thinks that a million people should see his play, just opened in London. I had Proust's "Les Plaisirs et les Jours" in my pocket, but I can't read real things while traveling in unfamiliar scenes. I am too nervously and miserably happy. At Victoria I was met by a young kinsman who insisted on coffee and liqueurs. Then the 11:30 train to the moist and fragrant darkness of Surrey. Arriving at Effingham, opposite the Plough Inn there is a little old cottage buried among hollyhocks and cabbages. Lovelace once lived there, they tell me. Beer and books were waiting. How does one sleep, at 1:30 A. M., after a day like that? But I found there the latest issue of the *Saturday Review*, and took it to bed, by candle-light, in a tiny cupboard-bedroom where you lie with your feet almost out of the little leaded window. I was just dozing off when I found that your compositor had turned my "inenarrably" into "inerrantly." This made me so peevish it woke me up again. I had to turn to the editorial, dealing, as usual, with the Future of American Literature.

When I woke up, the soft September drizzle was pearlying the hollyhocks and cabbages. It's lucky,

by the way, that Yorkshire pudding doesn't grow on a bush: one would be given it at every meal. But this was my first morning in England for eleven years, my friend; and I was going to have bacon and tea. I often wondered why Edna Ferber went out of her way to poop off at English bacon in "So Big." I don't think she knows what she's talking about. Another matter that pleased me, I meant to mention it before, I was reading David Garnett's "Man in the Zoo" in bed in the hotel in Cherbourg, last June, when I found him mentioning "Cooper's Oxford Marmalade." I knew then that it was a good book. Garnett and the Bowling Green, I think, are the only two attempts to get Cooper's Marmalade into literature.

A little later I was in a taxi, on my way to Cavendish Square. I passed some park or other—let's say it was St. James's: I haven't yet recovered my London geography—and something hit me, so hard that I felt ill in my bowels. It was my love for London. I know that good manners impels one to apologize for loving things. What I'm getting at, old magistrate, is this: don't worry too much about the Future of American Literature. It will come along all right, as any kind of art comes along, when we love things enough. Which doesn't mean blurring about them, but trying to enter into their secret perils and meanings. And as that dear man H. M. Tomlinson says, when you talk to him about these matters and his face lights up vaguely and he murmurs the rich prose of his mind in a soft crooning whisper, "My G. d," he says, "You've had Whitman and Melville and Thoreau and Emily Dickinson. Isn't that enough for a century or so?"

When we love things with the terrible shuddering love of Emily Dickinson for her Amherst garden, for instance, literature happens—or else silence. There are a lot of dangerously smart people turning out the New Palaver on our side, with tongue in both cheeks at once. George Gissing would say that we haven't starved enough. I should say we haven't yearned quite enough.

But London, I repeat (you must allow a little lunacy to one coming back after eleven wild years) makes me wamble with love and terror. Paris, divine though she is, seems to fade out and grow dim. Is it because London is so much less eloquent that she seems to have much more to say? That is literally it; and it is the unsaid things that concern literature. You know the type of Englishman who means most to our hearts: the man with whom it is difficult to communicate, but easy to commune.

And one of the loveliest things about London is, she brings me so much nearer to New York—the only city where I find my own dangerous peace. My heart is blithe to think of our polyglot skyline of insanity. And with all our sins, we have never quite been complacent about her, as some of our friends here are complacent about the London we love better than they do.

All this, you see, has been for me not discovery but verification. It is strangely mixed up with thoughts of a man who really did discover England, and as I came through Kent in the dark I thought how much poorer England is since he sailed. Of course, I mean Conrad. It is strange to think of the incredible wealth of that mind, its memories and brooded insights upon men, its nobly just division of love and scorn, its lonely affectionate simpleness, lost to us for always. Even his gravestone, they tell me, carries his Polish name. When the English think about Conrad, it will make them very generous toward "foreigners"—even to Americans, who have not the charm of real foreigners. But they are already more generous to us than we deserve. You asked me to write something about Conrad: but I prefer to think about him.

I was passing by the Museum Tavern—opposite the British Museum—just as they unbarred the door for the noon opening (it is Sunday). I went in, and drinking a tall one of shandygaff and admiring a pink section of ham and a vast slab of cheese (there's something rather good about ham in Amy Lowell's poem about England) which would have done you good to consider, I pondered how to write to you as you deserve. Don't let the too-easy critics wear out their fingers pointing to the scenery, as the excellent phrase is. Literature comes where and when you're not looking for it. Some day, just as some strange shabby bird is passing by, the pub door of Helicon will be unbarred and a Ganymede in shirtsleeves with foam on his moustache will beckon him in.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Books of Note

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Books of Special Interest

Formal Logic

THE PRINCIPLES OF REASONING.

By DANIEL SOMMER ROBINSON. New

York: D. Appleton and Co. 1924.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON,
Harvard University.

It is not an easy task to state freshly the principles of formal logic. This staple of education has been put up in so many forms, diluted, concentrated, adulterated, and sugar-coated, that most teachers despair of preparing it in a new way for the undergraduate mind. Courses in "reflective thinking" have supplanted the ancient discipline of the syllogism in many colleges. Students and teachers alike have found the contortions of the older logic too tedious for this age and have turned to more concrete and practical exercises in thought. In some quarters the traditional Aristotelian logic is looked on as an historical curiosity. Thus the authors of the recent "Introduction to Reflective Thinking" disregard the syllogism and all its accompaniments because the older so-called formal logic seems strangely technical and remote to the student of the present day. Its nice distinctions and mathematical precision may be appreciated and enjoyed, but they do not seem to be carried out of the text-book into everyday life.

Mr. Robinson, in "The Principles of Reasoning," defends a more conservative point of view. He believes that the moods and figures of the syllogism are not "mummies from antiquity," that clarity and precision of thought are to be gained through their study, and above all that philosophical literature, as well as a great deal of non-philosophical literature, is incomprehensible without some knowledge of the Aristotelian terminology.

The persistence of the Aristotelian logic as a part of the program of studies since the days of its founder proves its imperishable value. Nothing worthless could survive the acid test of criticism through so many centuries. What is needed today is not the abandonment of the Aristotelian logic, but a reinterpretation of it.

And Mr. Robinson's reinterpretation has the merits of being comprehensive, simple, and well grounded in a knowledge of the history of thought. Nothing that is essential to a course in logic is omitted, and much that bears on other fields of philosophy is included; so that the book is an introduction not only to logic and scientific method but to philosophy in general.

The author frankly allies himself with Bernard Bosanquet and the Neo-Hegelian logicians. He is the adherent of a school and has a metaphysics as well as a logic to push home. The background of the discussion is "objective idealism." Throughout the book, Mr. Robinson leans heavily on the concept of "inferential" or "implicative" systems: these are taken as "the irreducible units of logical science." And yet nowhere does this notion come to clear statement. Readers of Bosanquet will have an idea of what is meant by these terms but others will probably be at sea, for outside a fuller context of objective idealism and "absolutism" these terms are apt to be interpreted in a different sense from that given them by Mr. Robinson if they are understood at all. Some obscurity on fundamental questions is unavoidable, however, in an elementary work.

The book falls into two major divisions: (1) "Traditional Aristotelian Logic," under which are treated naming, classification, definition, judgment, the syllogism, immediate inference, hypothetical and disjunctive inference, and fallacies; and (2) "Induction or Scientific Methodology," under which come probability and the statistical method, Mill's methods, explanation by scientific analysis, and finally a chapter on recent tendencies in logical theory. This classification of logical topics is parallel to that of many text-books: it is the most obvious and useful ordering of the material. But few texts touch the wider background of these problems, in the history of philosophy and in contemporary thought, as thoroughly as this one. Mr. Robinson's treatment of the Aristotelian theories of the

categories and the predicables, for instance, gives a body to this part of the work such as is not commonly found in a first book on logic. Many people will take exception to the author's definition of logic. Following the lead of modern idealists, he draws no line between logic and the theory of knowledge or "epistemology." Logic is defined as "the science of knowledge" or of "the intellectual processes operative in the acquisition and in the creation of knowledge," though this is not to be taken as meaning that logic is the psychology of the thought process. For the undergraduate, "epistemology" is a heavy word; the distinction between epistemology and logic is subtle; and it is well that Mr. Robinson wastes no time on it.

The discussion of the fallacies is a particularly bright spot in the book, as it should be. In connection with the fallacy of "accent and special pleading," the writer tells us that

vicious special pleading is a characteristic device of the demagogue, the propagandist, the religious sectarian and the partisan politician. Perhaps the best definition of special pleading would be: Telling the part of the truth which is favorable to your position and that part which is unfavorable to your opponent, and keeping as mum as an oyster about that part of the truth which is unfavorable to your own position and that part which is favorable to your opponent. This witty method of lying is the modernized form of the fallacy of accent.

In the second half, the author rightly finds that induction by simple enumeration is not the true method of science, but merely an aid to scientific analysis, which reaches conclusions from a single purified or ideal experiment; and also that statistical methods, which are much in vogue at present, are useful only when it is impossible to reach a more precise knowledge of facts.

No genuine scientist ever makes hasty generalizations from statistics covering only a part of the field, but it must be admitted that pseudo-scientists do. . . . Statistics are the lanterns by which we light our way through the dense darkness of the future. They are valuable to the experimenter because they suggest to him fruitful hypotheses which can be worked out by other methods.

Mr. Robinson deals with scientific method in the spirit of the scientist rather than of the formal logician; he does not insist on fitting science into a Procrustean bed of artificial methods. His illustrations are telling; his explanation is concrete; and for the twentieth-century student, walking unconsciously as he does in the footsteps of Bacon, Galileo, and Newton—the experimentalists—this second part of the book will probably be of the greatest interest. But the author recognizes that experimentalism cannot stand alone; that it needs the rigid support of the older and severer discipline of rationalism.

The last chapter states the ultimate presupposition of knowledge, as Mr. Robinson and the objective idealists see it: this is the "coherence theory of truth." Here again a fuller metaphysics is needed to make the position solid. One must be very much on the side of Bosanquet and the Neo-Hegelians to admit that

either the coherence theory is true or human knowledge is a fairy tale. Let him who can think that what Newton and Laplace, Faraday and Davy, Darwin and Pasteur, and all the other honest seekers after, and contributors to, human knowledge, have told us about the universe is only a fairy tale. . . . Shall we kill the interest of truth seekers by telling them that no one has ever reached the truth, and that there is a great gulf fixed between human ideas and concrete facts?

Mr. Robinson forgets that the "Truth" which is the systematic "coherence" of all knowledge is far-off; that this Hegelian and Bosanquetian ideal of truth is as foreign to everyday thought as the Kantian *noumena* or the Spencerian "unknowable."

On the whole, "The Principles of Reasoning" is one of the sanest, most thorough and useful text-books of logic with which the reviewer is acquainted and if its metaphysics is somewhat hazy, this is no more than could be expected in a volume designed for those who have no knowledge of technical philosophy.

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A Letter From London

By H. M. TOMLINSON

OUR English summer, as we must call it, might have been designed for the special benefit of frogs, mackintosh manufacturers and garden slugs. Our principal news with the sun in Leo has been that "another depression is approaching from the Atlantic." Invariably this was so. Some things in Europe are still true to form. We can depend on our Atlantic depressions, anyhow. Now, having lost faith that we could watch until the end of the grey wrack had rolled up-Channel, we are back in London, and are face to face with the news that during this publishing season there will arrive six hundred new novels. This news is called "literary."

But whatever the news may be called, the fact is that many of these new novels will arrive from the Atlantic, like the other cyclonic disturbances, and a cursory inspection will show that they originated well to the westward. Publishers tell us that, in those book-shops on this side which sell scented stationery, Mrs. Barclay's works, illuminated texts from R. L. S. and Miss Wilcox, fountain pens and songs for the nursery, there is a great demand for cowboy stories; and, further, that the names of American novelists of which our famous literary critics are as ignorant as they are of Philippine poetry are as familiar in myriads of English homes as are the names of film heroines. Don't believe all you hear of the acceptance at last in England of W. H. Hudson, for one example. There are American writers of whom Mr. Edward Garnett has never heard and any one of them could make Hudson's English popularity look as empty as the Embankment on a wet midnight. Why some contemporary American literary critics should demand harshly the protection of American letters from the baleful tradition of England ought to amuse Herman Melville in the States. For our part, some of us over here would frankly admit the evidence in several young American novelists of an ardent curiosity in life itself, and less of a pre-occupation with manners and customs, than we see in our novelists who are years behind Galsworthy, Conrad, Wells and Bennett.

Yet occasionally there is a symptom that we may do better. Now and then we get a novel from a writer whose name is unknown which makes our customary fiction look what it is—a matter of habit which was too mechanical for even the revelation of war to change. There was recently, for instance, "The Spanish Farm," by Mr. Mottram, and "A Natural Man" by Mr. Miller. These were not war novels, in the sense publishers mean when they protest that neither they nor the public will look at them. But behind their character and their immediate foregrounds was the loom of downfall and eclipse; the echoes from the distant "line"—the chance allusions—the disturbing sense that beyond all we could see and hear there was something vast and dark which knew no ruth, which might intrude at any moment and scatter the orderly play of human life—that gave to both these novels the sense of fate without which drama is no more than a magazine story.

For there is no doubt that we have young poets and prose writers, who could make a difference, if only they would demand our attention; yet something, perhaps the diffidence of youth in a society which it feels to be alien, and perhaps not a little of youth's scorn for what it has learned to be sham, and perhaps the feeling that what it has to say must be in a language of which only half glints could reach us, and perhaps the daunting knowledge of the terrific nature of its revolutionary task keeps youth dumb. Something there must be to silence so bright a genius as Siegfried Sassoon, for one instance, whose last book of poems was published privately, and even anonymously. Satiric verse of so impish and evasive a nature, so light and glancing, discovering our absurdities as by chance, would have been

noteworthy at any time, but I have seen no reference anywhere to that book of Sassoon's, no gay signal to show that he was discovered, though the personal voice of the unseen author of the spritely mockery was authentic beyond any doubt. No one else could have done it.

I wish I could report that the autobiography of H. W. Massingham was in this season's list. We shall never see it. All that he did of it, which is now appearing serially here, was but a few chapters. But how they make us wish our persuasion had been more insistent! Was there ever such a proved writer, scholar and publicist, who never left the world a book by which to remember him? But my conscience is clear in this matter. He would sit in the *Nation* office, when the paper was done, and tell me enough to bring publishers urgently to our door, were there anything in telepathy. This ought not to be lost, I would implore him. It is better lost, he would say; and lost it is.

And those few chapters show us the nature of what we have lost. Massingham was the one man who could have told us, in a manner which would have had that authority and distinction which we call style, of those little things, mostly unrecorded, the imponderables, which have given our society its present form. For essentially Massingham was an artist, not a politician, and the political scene only interested him as drama in which life was working out some purpose, or none. He was the last of our great editors. He gave to journalism what others give to music, science and literature. The critical journal or newspaper in his day could be as individual as a work of art; yet that day is over. There was no room in Fleet Street for Massingham when newspapers became factory products, and their editors merely business managers, for proprietors whose only estimate of quality was that the ignorant and silly would buy it by the ton.

Foreign Notes

A BY-PRODUCT of a larger work which is in the making, Joseph Poux's little volume, "La Cité de Carcassonne" (Toulouse: Ed. Privat), should prove a book of interest to the increasing number of travellers to what is perhaps the most perfect example of a mediaeval walled town in existence. Carcassonne, with its memories of Roman occupation, and its survivals of later periods, offers a happy hunting ground for the lover of history and architecture. M. Poux has packed into his little book a varied and valuable collection of facts, making it a useful guide to the history and art of the town.

Late reports from the Book Department of this year's Leipzig Fair indicate that the biggest publishing success of the year was achieved by an American author, Edgar Rice Burroughs, with his "Tarzan of the Apes" and its two sequels.

The demands for the first edition of modern authors, for the five weeks ending August 23, reported by *The Bookman's Journal*, based upon the desiderata of second-hand booksellers printed in English trade papers, still shows a strong interest in a wide circle of English authors, many of whom are still living. The ten at the head of the list are: R. L. Stevenson, Michael Arlen, Anthony Trollope, Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad, G. B. Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Hudson, Norman Douglas, and Maurice Hewlett.

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Foreign Literature

A New Toller

DER DEUTSCHE HINKEMANN, Eine Tragödie in drei Akten. VON ERNST TOLLER. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1924.

DAS SCHWALBENBUCH. The same. Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AFTER five years of imprisonment at Niederschönenfeld (a fortress near Munich) because of his participation in the abortive Bavarian revolution, Ernst Toller is a free man still considerably under thirty. And his freedom is a release in more than the legal sense. Toller entered prison a dogged communist; he leaves it a determined individualist. Nor has this broader vision been effected by the dazzle of physical liberation. Toller has only been out of his six-foot cell a few weeks (I write this in September, 1924), he is still ill at ease in the crowded world of action. But ever since he wrote "Masse Mensch" in 1820, in the first year of his servitude, this fiery young poet has been striving toward—and attaining—the expression of larger yet more intimate passions. When "Masse Mensch" was first produced in Berlin, it was feared that the white-hot flame had burned itself out in its own intensity, that whatever might follow would be little more than an after-glow. Today, Toller occupies the same position in the affections of younger Germany as Franz Werfel did a dozen years ago.

"Masse Mensch" (in spite of its failure on the New York stage) is part of European literary history. It has been produced in every important city on the continent, its first performance in Japan is imminent, it has been translated into eight or nine languages. But "Der Deutsche Hinkemann" is a much more powerful—and, in my opinion, a far more unified—piece of dramaturgy. The chief fault with "Masse Mensch" was its demands. It required a background of the forces which created it, a sense of the meaning of revolution, a concern with mankind's greatest problem—whether it is better to crucify or be crucified. In other words, it demanded a sensitized, creative audience, an audience which had suffered either in fact or in thought. Lacking this setting and response, the play must have seemed little more than a number of symbols moving in a world of shadows. Toller so feared the enervating effect of this symbol-seeking impulse that he determined to give the critics less excuse, and when "Der Deutsche Hinkemann" ("The German Crippled Man," to translate too literally) reached the stage, it was entitled simply "Hinkemann." This play, also, is a study of the relation of man to men, of the obstacles, even in a proletarian world, to social brotherhood.

The action takes place in a small industrial town, the period is the present, and (in contrast to "Masse Mensch," where the chief figures were the protagonists of impersonal forces) the three acts revolve about a few ordinary members of what we so democratically call "the lower classes." Hinkemann (a young workman severely wounded in the war who has undergone an operation which leaves him sexless) returns, torn between shame and love, to his wife Grete. A scene between the two reveals their pitiful effort at adjustment; he, super-sensitive and wavering, she, protective and maternal. But, in spite of her spiritual love for her crippled husband, her peasant blood yields to Paul Grosshahn, a common friend, full of a vigorous vulgarity. Meanwhile, Hinkemann, unable to find employment, and desperate in his effort to provide for Grete, answers an advertisement calling for a strong man who is not squeamish. He learns, to his horror, that the advertiser needs a wild man for a side-show, one who will pose as a blood-thirsty savage and, after displaying his muscles, will, at each performance, bite through the throat of a living rat, pretending to drink its blood. After a scene of searing irony (the entire sadistic mob speaks through the promoter of the side-show), Hinkemann masters his disgust and agrees to perform the part of Homunculus, the Blood-Drinking Savage. Grete, accompanied by Grosshahn, sees her husband in this rôle, recognizes him and, realizing the tortures he is undergoing for her sake, repulses her paymaster. Later Grosshahn, meeting Hinkemann at a workmen's saloon, exposes him to others, tells him his wife has been unfaithful and mocks "this blood-thirsty savage who is not even a man." The others roar with laughter.

To himself, Hinkemann is a tragic figure; to the lusty masculine world, a eunuch can never be anything more than a joke. He reels into the street. There, clinging to a lamp-post, he sees the whole sensation-loving, headline-devouring, flesh-worshipping folk pass—newsboys, prostitutes, rouses, old women, soldiers, quacks, professional militarists—"and over me the placid heaven and the eternal stars!" He totters home and there executes a half-mad, half-ritualistic dance before a stone phallus which he has brought with him. It is a terrible but poignant scene in which he celebrates the fetish. "There is no other god but you!" he cries, in an extremity of anguish.

They lie to themselves, they who believe they are worshipping at the foot of the cross. They pray to you! Every Ave is a chant in your praise, every procession is a dance in your honor! You are the one reality! You alone wear no mask! You do not conceal yourself in hypocritical words. You are the beginning and the end; you are the one truth; you are the people's living God!

The end follows quickly. The repentant Grete attempts to console Hinkemann. But, feeling he cannot return her love, he will not accept her pity. The curtain descends as Hinkemann, knotting a rope with quiet precision, says "What can we know? . . . Every day can open a new Paradise; every night can bring another flood."

But the mere recital of this plot can convey nothing of the power of Toller's portraiture or his increased vigor of speech. No longer expressionistic, the author of "Hinkemann" discards the telegraphic diction for a fluent prose idiom. As style alone, it is remarkable. But it is not the style which stamps its creator as one of the few post-war geniuses who have aroused indifferent Europe. His is an inspired timeliness. He breaks fresh soil. These plays are to the city what the peasant-dramas of Hauptmann are to the German countryside. Here—universal in their communication—are the loves and struggles, the tawdry victories and inglorious defeats of the factory-hand, the day-laborer, the mill-worker, "huddled in canons of steel, clamped between cliffs of houses." As drama, "Hinkemann" should be—as it already has been in Europe—something more than an artistic success if it is attempted in America. Toller, by the bye, is perturbed by the report that a New York theatre has presented an expurgated version of the piece in New York—without his permission and (which is equally important to a poor newly-released poet) without the payment of royalties. This disturbs him the more since he had hoped to help stage the first performance in English upon his first visit to the (for him) new world next year.

"Das Schwalbenbuch," ("The Book of the Swallows") is Toller's latest volume. It grew, as he puts it, in 1922 and got itself written one year later. The introductory page tells what little "story" there is. "In the year 1922, two swallows built their nest in my cell." What follows is one long poem or, to be more exact, a sequence of poems covering some fifty-odd pages. The tone is far more varied than might be inferred; a wildly rhapsodic section is followed by a page consisting of four clipped lines; in the midst of surging free verse, are lyrics pitched in the low timbre of folk-songs. The poet mourns at the death of a friend, he congratulates the birds when their first eggs hatch, suffers with them when the young starve, and then suddenly bursts out:

When, O animals will you unite
Against humanity?
I, a man,
Call upon you to rise!
You nightingales, blinded with red-hot needles,
You donkeys, mildest of creatures, breaking down under your burdens and the lash,
You horses, working patiently in sunless pits,
You bears, trained upon heated slabs of iron,
You lions, tamed with whips of steel,
All, all,
I call upon you!
Awake! Arise!
Take toll for the victims of man:
Animals slaughtered to tickle the palate,
Animals tortured for a whim of fashion,
Animals slain in senseless wars. . . .
I will place myself at your head
I, a renegade of humanity,
Will lead you against the foe—
Man!

Besides these and his previous works, Toller is planning other works in other genres.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

POLYCHROMY. By LEON V. SOLON. New York: Architectural Record.

Belles Lettres

"LOW BRIDGE AND PUNK PUNGS." By SAM HELLMAN. Little, Brown. 1924. \$1.25 net.

A fat lot has been said within the past year on the merits and genius of Ring Lardner, who stands, certainly, at the head of all wielders of that flexible and ungrammatical tongue, Americanese. In estimating him, let us, in justice, add a word for another of his school. Mr. Sam Hellman, not as well known nor as able as Mr. Lardner, is yet more glib, breezier, and quicker on the phrase-trigger. "Low Bridge and Punk Pungs" is a cornerstone for hilarity which the you-know-me-Al master in his most genial hour could scarce out-fashion. Two of the four stories are good; two are excessively amusing and intimately absurd.

At the moment we are sorely baited by burlesques on almost everything; reading them, we wonder what the originals are like. There is no such danger here. Bridge we recognize in the abstract. In the concrete we play it or play at it. Do you discard well, you will enjoy Mr. Hellman; badly, you will appreciate him. And as for "Punk Pungs" and the befogged tyro, not a Chinese wall nor the most audacious dragon bars the road to complete understanding. Thus with the fundamentals of simplicity behind him, Mr. Hellman proceeds to twirl the loose ends of repartee and badinage in as pleasant a manner as possible. He is never tedious; the brevity of the book hints at something like judicious selection. He is more apt to be over-eager. In all arguments his characters are on tip-toe for the last word. Without obvious prolongation, the author sees to it that no one ever gets it. "Maybe yes," comes back Katie, "but you is so smart I guess you could read a timetables in the morning and build a locomotive all by yourself in the afternoon." That one, however, was practically final. Is there not a certain remarkable felicity of expression (not truth, mind) in the following trite remark on Chinamen: "You gotta watch them rice eaters. Give 'em an L and they'll swipe the whole alphabet"? Tony Sarg adds his illustrations to the delight of the book.

ITALIAN SILHOUETTES. By RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

FORUM PAPERS. Edited by BENJAMIN A. HEYDRICK. Duffield.

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By W. C. BROWNELL. Scribners. \$2.

GETTING A LAUGH. By CHARLES H. GRANDGENT. Harvard University Press. \$2.

Biography

LETTERS OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL ACTOR. Small, Maynard. \$5 net.

NAPOLEON. By ELIE FAURE. Knopf. \$3 net.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON. By FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES Crowell. \$3 net.

OUR PRESIDENTS. By JAMES MORGAN. Macmillan. \$2.50.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. By FRANCIS L. WELLMAN. Macmillan. \$4.

MEMOIRS OF THE NOTORIOUS STEPHEN BURROUGHS. Dial. \$4.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. By Capt. ROBERT E. LEE. Doubleday, Page. \$5 net.

"MARSE HENRY." By HENRY WATTERSON. Doran. \$5 net.

CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS. By MONTROSE J. MOSES and VIRGINIA GERSON. Little, Brown. \$4 net.

THE LIFE OF JOHN W. DAVIS. By THEODORE A. HUNTLEY. Duffield. \$2.50 net.

Business

A CENTURY OF BANKING PROGRESS. By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS. Doubleday, Page. \$3.50 net.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FINANCE. By GEORGE W. EDWARDS. Holt.

Drama

THE HOUSE INTO WHICH WE ARE BORN. By JACQUES COPEAUX. New York: Theatre Arts.

THE COLONNADE. By STARK YOUNG. Theatre Arts.

THE JUDGE. By MAXIM GORKY. Translated by MARIE ZAKREVSKY and BARRETT H. CLARK. McBride. \$1.50 net.

THE FLOWER SHOP. By MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH. Four Seas. \$1.50 net.

MARY ROSE. By J. M. BARRIE. Scribners. \$1.

RESTORATION COMEDY. By BONAMY DOBREE. Oxford. \$2.

Economics

ECONOMICS OF FATIGUE AND UNREST. By P. SARGANT FLORENCE. Holt. \$5.

Education

WRITING BY TYPES. By ALBERT C. BAUGH, PAUL C. KITCHEN and MATTHEW W. BLACK. Century.

Fiction

GONE NATIVE. By "ASTERISK." Small, Maynard. 1924. \$2.

Stories of white men wedded to Polynesians or other Orientals have been by no means infrequent of late, and almost invariably the implied moral has been that intermarriage can result only in disaster. "Gone Native," by the author of "Isles of Illusion," is no exception to the rule. The tale of a child-like woman of the South Seas and her sophisticated white lover, it is devoted largely to indicating the unbridgeable mental gulf that gapes between the mind of the civilized man and that of the savage; it demonstrates that for the brown race as well as for the white the outcome of a blood union cannot be propitious. Thus, George Donaldson, the hero, degenerates both in mind and in body in the years that he dwells with the native woman who comes unexpectedly to his door; he discovers that the only alternative to spiritual ruin is an eventual escape from the islands; and, were it not that the author manipulates the wheels of the plot in his favor, slaying his son and causing his wife to desert him, he would undoubtedly stagnate irretrievably.

"Gone Native" is superior to many books of the South Seas in that it shows the point of view of the native as well as of the white man; it displays a detailed knowledge of native habits and ways of thought; and, while the plot is not sufficiently controlled and manifests an annoying change of emphasis in shifting the interest abruptly from the brown woman to the white man, it is none the less tolerably well written and entertaining throughout.

TREASURE TRAIL. By ROLAND PERTWEE. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50.

About half-way through "Treasure Trail" you wake up to find yourself sold for a mess of Pollyanna dialectic when you had been counting on pirates. For the rest of the book you keep on protesting that Mr. Pertwee isn't playing the game fair. You wish you had never started on the promised hunt for lost doubloons. To make you feel all the worse Mr. Pertwee begins in the accepted manner, and despite an interminable initial development manages to keep your interest afloat with his company of mixed characters adventuring toward the island marked with a southern cross. Unashamed references to Stevenson and the spirit of romance glitter like promises and seduce like mirages. Then you suddenly find out what it is all about and are so far gone into the story that you can do little except get annoyed.

For a time it is as all things should be in romance. Vernon Winslowe has run through his inheritance like the careless dog that he is and lent five thousand pounds to a friend harmlessly named Sullivan. One day he is told by the bank that Sullivan has fled with a woman, not his wife, and the cash. In a spirit of revenge Winslowe fishes up an old map left him by a buccaneering ancestor and advertises that he wants capital to equip a schooner for the treasure marked on the map.

Suddenly the light flashes upon your trusting brain. You rub your eyes and clench your fists. The whole thing is a new kind of pirate yarn all wool over your eyes and yards wide with earnest morality elaborately disguised. Of course they find the hoard. Of course they do! There are

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The New Books
Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

fight and the man Sullivan gives the honest voyagers many a nasty turn. Yes indeed, but that isn't the point. What they really do find is their souls! Every queer person in the expedition finds his soul, through pain or love or humility or repentance. The gold doesn't really matter. By seeking romance these people have got themselves all new and shining with spiritual improvement. You fancy you are consulting the spirit of romance and finding yourself at a *déance* with Charles Kingsley. For one small morsel you are all the more grateful. The man Sullivan doesn't find his soul. The sharks get him.

THAIS. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated by Ernest Tristan. Boni & Liveright. 1924. 85 cents.

This present volume of the Modern Library Series gives the American reader one of the most popular of M. France's inimitable stories in an English dress. Something of the pellucid clearness of this writer's style must inevitably be lost in translation, but the translator has in this case done his work in a manner worthy of praise. By maintaining a certain directness and simplicity he has kept something of the quality of the author's own prose and at the same time has avoided that awkwardness, suggestive of a schoolboy's exercise, that too often irritates the reader of modern translations.

Perhaps the convention of an introduction is sometimes overdone in these present-day series of standard works. Mr. Van Loon is here allowed by an indulgent publisher to disport himself through six pages of his somewhat monotonous flippancy which seem rather to serve the egotism of their writer than to help the reader of Anatole France.

RUGGED WATER. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Appleton. 1924. \$2.00.

This pre-Freudian romance comes refreshingly after much hectic dissection of human minds and discussion of human institutions. Joseph C. Lincoln has an unflinching naïveté and naturalness. His picturing of the small affairs through which the daily round of existence takes his people is perhaps a truer realism, for all the romantic plot, than endless analysis of mental processes and tracing of motives. In "Rugged Water" the resultant of his material and treatment is a trifle juvenile. There is a little too much of the naïve and romantic and too little of solid matter, either intellectual or emotional, to make as fine a book as one might hope from Mr. Lincoln. But it is, nevertheless, charming enough to make a full evening pleasant.

The book is about the life-savers of the old coast guard; rugged, simple men under the fascination of peril and hardship. Upon this warp is woven the village life of Cape Cod with a simple pattern of sex to set it off. The hardy, whimsical characters, whose very lives seem to be enmeshed with Atlantic salt, are very well met in Mr. Lincoln's company. The terrible thrill of an angry sea for men in a tiny, open boat is also there. The whole tale has the tang of an old Cape Codder's yarn, and also its longwindedness. It would be a better book if there weren't so many words in it.

THE MOTHERLESS. By BENGT BERG. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.00.

This story moves the reader rapidly across the reaches of Lapland, presenting a panorama of torrent and mountain-wood, showing youth acquiring strength and wisdom to withstand the cold of nature and the cunning of other hunters. There are really two stories, interlocked by merest chance: that of Pertula, the motherless Finn whose father had ventured west among the Lapps; and that of Young Bear, whose mother, after a strange loud noise, fell into a strange long silence.

The tale of the lad is told, in the fluent translation of Charles Wharton Stork, in a casual tone that makes it little more than a recital of everyday activity, yet renders the details significant and colorful. Especially sympathetic is the understanding of the emotional development of the lad: his uncomprehending loneliness, his silence, the deep friendship with his dog Nurko, through whom so much new knowledge came, and the sudden flashes of pity for his prey that overcame Pertula and bewildered his Lapp

comrade. When the boy grows older there is perhaps too long an account of his mere goings from place to place; the tale becomes almost an itinerary . . . until a roaring cataract down a ravine, or a range of cloud-like mountains, holds the wanderer, and the reader, in silent wonder.

The development of Young Bear into wary and wise Old Bear gives greater scope for the observation of nature which has made Bengt Berg famed in Sweden. Though the bear seems at times, in its reasoning and its blunders, all too human, the element of fear plays a much greater (avowed) part in directing its actions than in humankind. The fact that one feels that the fates of the two whom the book follows might easily be reversed, the bear to die and the man survive, indicates how well the author has preserved the spirit of the cold wilderness, where few lives are long and all uncertain.

TALES OF THE OLD-TIMERS. By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT. Century. 1924. \$2.

The storied West dies hard in fact as in fancy. As proof thereof outside of Mr. Bechdolt's gathered testimony, only the other day the writer of this review discussed old Baggs, Wyoming, with a survivor of the days when the Butch Cassidy gang was pleased to perforate the sheet-iron roof of the local saloon and pay a dollar a hole for that privilege. In his "Tales of the Old-Timers" Mr. Bechdolt has assiduously gleaned from the lips of the living, in order once more to detail the explosive events strung upon the career of Billy the Kid in the Seventies and Eighties when "there was no law beyond the Pecos"; to tell of Butch Cassidy the Utah-Colorado-Wyoming horse-thief, and of the cold outlaw Henry Plummer of Montana; of the Johnson County (Wyoming) range war; and so forth. For a measure of heroism somewhat less animal he includes the Adobe Walls fight between the Comanches and the trespassing buffalo-hunters, the Texan Santa Fé Expedition (chronicled by Kendall of the New Orleans *Picayune*), the Texan Mier Expedition transmitted by Thomas Green the West Pointer, the story of Cynthia Ann Parker, the lost little white girl whose name and blood passed to Quanah Parker, last great chief of the Comanches.

A number of the characters in these annals possibly were mistaken in their aspirations. Emerson Hough's classic "The Story of the Outlaw" is more uncompromising with its treatment. But whether or no they are of historical importance, Mr. Bechdolt infuses his chapters with a quickening energy that lifts the volume above haymow literature. At least, one hopes that the grim truths presented will deter romantic youth from seeking the cap-pistol trail to a Boot Hill long unfashionable.

PICARO. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Harpers. 1924. \$2.00.

Some novelists follow a recipe with all the adeptness of an experienced chef. Two teaspoonfuls of character, a pint of adventure, half a pound of atmosphere—add a dash of sex and stir rapidly. *Voilà!* Charles Nordhoff is one of these. His "Picaro" is edible and thoroughly cooked food for the intellect, even though it contains but little nourishment. It takes young Henry Langford from the bizarre and romantic atmosphere of an old California ranch to the bizarre and romantic atmosphere of the mechanic's quarter of Paris and back again. It provides him adventure by the way and success, both financial and amatorial, in the end. It is well enough written to convey most of the intended impressions. In a word it follows the recipe perfectly. What more can one ask of a novelist—or a chef?

UNCHARTED WATERS. By RALPH STOCK. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.00.

Mr. Stock displays a remarkable mastery of the short story form. The eighteen stories of this collection are, each one of them, as nearly perfect in structure as can be imagined yet they are not at all standardized or built according to stock patterns. In fact he seems able to make the short story do anything he wants it to, and he does it with an apparent economy of effort. With the one possible exception of "Promotion" there is no sense of strain, nor is there the least hint of catering to any editorial demand or for any supposed audience. His material—life "in the raw" in Australia and throughout the South Seas—is

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in politics, the presidential campaign is releasing the nation's pent-up energy for political self-expression. We are thinking and talking about our rights as self-governing citizens. As we ponder today on the way we are led politically we might turn back with profit to consideration of the political leadership of a generation ago, and understand our present situation better by reading *Boss Platt and His New York Machine*, by Harold F. Gosnell, \$3.00; postpaid, \$3.10.

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often bizarre enough but he never attitudes over it: there is nothing labored in his methods.

It has often been claimed that there are but seven possible plots—or even, that these may be reduced to three. But if such a thing be possible Mr. Stock has managed to create, or, more correctly, to discover really new situations. At least, the twists he gives to his plots have so much of novelty, so much of genuine surprise for the reader, that they may properly be called new. Most of the tales in this collection are sombre, often tragic; but they are never unrelieved or depressingly dismal affairs. Often there is humor, of a deep reaching quality that gives something more than mere comic relief. Perhaps the most impressively unusual element in the work, as a whole, is that it gives one a feeling of its matured ripeness, as of conclusions deliberately set down after a full examination of all the facts in the case, instead of something picked green and served with enough spice to disguise its rawness. It is also to be noted that, unlike most collections, the quality of this book is uniformly good; it is not padded out with second grade material.

KENYA MIST. By FLORENCE RIDDELL. Holt. 1924. \$2.00.

In an essay on "Feminism and Polygamy" (in the *Forum*, December, 1914) Mr. Henry Walker pointed out that the logical answer to the feminist's demands for "emancipation" from marriage lies in the revival of some respectable form of polygamy. The remarkable lady of this novel is a concrete illustration of that theory. She wants a baby, but she has no use for a husband. "It is man's business," she asserts, "to love many and I doubt if, in the beginning, Nature designed him even to know his own children. How then can he know Love? But civilization has perverted the instincts of womanhood and she bestows too much thought on him who, after all, was planned merely as an instrument for her maternal happiness." It is hardly necessary to analyze the inadequacy of that as a philosophy of sex, but it is worth noting that it is a crude statement of one of the potent factors that go to make up the dynamic feminism of the day, especially

in countries like England where there is a large excess of women in the population. Ultra feminist novelists (e. g. Temple Thurston) have treated the theme with artistic efficiency. Now we have in this story a raw, direct, "popular" assertion of the case, and it is significant that the book has had a very large sale in England.

It has little value as literature. Its psychology is purely schematic, all the chief characters being wooden symbols of an idea. Its plot is more or less improbable. The lady tricks the necessary man into satisfying her wants: she and the child get on pretty well, but then, quite suddenly, she finds that she "loves" the man, and the thing ends with a return to conventionality. One feels that this forced ending is a concession to the remnants of traditional prejudices.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN: A Tale of Graustark. By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$2.00.

With the resurrection of so antediluvian a delight as "The Lunatic at Large," anyone gifted with elemental prophecy could have foretold that the war, *edax rerum*, would eventually regurgitate the last lineal descendant of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," namely Mr. McCutcheon's Balkanic invention of Graustark. Though arrayed in garments of modernity, with frequent reference to Graustark's rôle in the World War, Bolshevism and a Red invasion thrown in, the mythical principality of the Carpathians seems an outworn theme. Suffice it that Pendennis Yorke, clean-cut American free-lance journalist, is sent to write a series of articles on Graustark, in order to settle a discussion in a New York Club, of which his publisher is a member. The Princess Virginia of Dawsbergen, resident in Graustark, turns out to be a former wife of the hero's—for he had casually married her, not knowing her identity, to get her out of Bela Kun's Buda Pest, on an American passport. A subsequent informal divorce does not seem to have sufficed or to be necessary. At any rate, the title of the last chapter, "I Could Have Told You So," might, with equal appositeness, have been applied to the whole book. For the amateur of this type of facile and agreeable fiction knows well that the ending is ever as pleasant, obvious and inevitable as this:

He drew her close. He could feel the throb of her heart against his breast. Her face was upturned, an arm stole up about his neck and drew his head down. And somehow, for one blissful moment, all the lights in the world went out.

MASQUERADING LADY. By EMMA SPEED SAMPSON. Reilly & Lee. 1924. \$1.75.

Mrs. Sampson has added to her well trained company of serio-comic negroes a wandering English lady of title who has fled from her husband because of a misunderstanding and who masquerades as a nursery governess in Richmond. It is good comedy material, neatly handled. The chief values, however, as in her preceding books, lie in the presentation of negro character, especially in the case of the women. They are done very well indeed: without any caricaturing and with a friendly understanding of their humors and their amiabilities but without any undue sentimentalizing over them. It is a pleasantly amusing tale.

THE CLOUDED PEARL. By BERTA RUCK. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$2.

Here is another story of the girl captivated by the brilliant superficials of life, wrapping herself up in the glittering externals of things, until in love she finds the pathway back to reality and happiness. Margaret Verity, the heroine, is one of those numerous characters of fiction who early in life find fortune raining down upon them from the skies; but in her case the fortune is not well employed and leads to a series of disquieting adventures, many of them taking place on a desert isle (when will desert isles cease being omnipresent in a certain type of novel?). For those who have followed Berta Ruck's previous books and been pleased by them, "The Clouded Pearl" will doubtless have a strong appeal; but to those who have not been fascinated by the author's work (and among these the present reviewer must be included), the novel will seem little more than a compound of claptap and tinsel.

FATE AND A MARIONETTE. By HANNA RION. Clode. 1924.

This is quite a taking imitation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tembarom." I speak advisedly, for situation,

characters and setting are almost identically conceived. There is the same good-natured American hero who is cast into the midst of a very cultured and conservative British society. There is the same Victorian maiden lady, the same rather asinine adviser, and the same faithful valet. The heroine even has a dimple which, if I remember, was one of Little Ann's greatest charms. The plot itself differs only in that the hero himself loses his memory and turns out to be the missing heir instead of the other chap.

I say "taking" because the story is one of those pleasantly impossible tales which do not move to any arduous cerebration or rouse to a high pitch of excitement, yet are well enough told to hold interest and induce an agreeably cheerful emotional tone. There is none of the insight into English social life that lifted "T. Tembarom" out of the commonplace, but the rapidity of movement and rather quaint treatment quite make up for a worn situation and borrowed characters. Reading it is like meeting an old and pleasant friend a bit disguised by badly fitting clothes.

WAVES OF DESTINY. By MARGARET PEDLER. 1924. Doran. \$2.00.

The sixteen short stories which make up this collection are good examples of tailor-made fiction: all neatly cut to fashionable

magazine pattern. The workmanship is superior: its modishness is guaranteed. Each has a "situation," for example, the woman of forty who gives up the eligible youngster she has trapped into a promise of marriage because she finds that she really "cares" for him. They are all "love stories" more or less of that order: well built and carefully leading to the orthodox climax.

THE PASSIONATE ADVENTURE. By FRANK STAYTON. Century. 1924. \$2.00.

The melodramatic quality of the plot of this novel gives it a striking resemblance to a movie scenario. But even the most ardent devotee of the screen would find cause to rebel at some of the forced situations and the obvious lack of plausibility in the book. A murder committed in the slums of London which involves an English gentleman, his beautiful and aristocratic wife, one of the chiefs of Scotland Yard, a pretty and noble girl of the slums and several underworld characters, furnishes excellent material for a story of this kind. The author ventures some sociological reflections about life in the slums and discourses at some length about the relations of the opposed classes of society but this only emphasizes the blatant unreality of the rest of the book.

(Continued on next page)

THE HOUSE OF HATE. By RITA WELLMAN. McBride. 1924. \$2.00.

Rita Wellman is a sincere artist. Among other works she wrote one play the reviewer still remembers, "The Gentile Wife." Her present novel carries, to this particular reader, a flavor of Conrad. The scene is laid in Fascist Florence. The political struggle between the Fascisti and the Communists is the painted back drop. The principal figure in the story is a strange and fateful woman, who reminds the narrator, a supposititious American (male), of Bianca Capella. The fateful woman's name is Drura and her husband is a German rare book dealer. Theirs is "the house of hate." Drura is bound to her husband by a tie which is described in what seemed to us the climactic point of the book, the end of chapter XIV, where the husband cries poignantly,

She hates me! That is my power over all the others. She hates me! And she can't live without her hate.

The wife's attitude finds its expression, perhaps, in the quotation from Corneille on the flyleaf of the book:

Dans un si grand revers que vous reste-il?
... Moil Moi, dis-je, et c'est assez!



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The New Books Fiction

ENCOUNTERS. By ELIZABETH BOWEN.
Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.00.

The mantle of Katherine Mansfield falls on Englishwomen who write short stories as often as the mantle of Lincoln falls on our assorted Presidents. The publishers make vague motions of enduring Elizabeth Bowen, the author of this collection of stories, with the sacred tea-gown. It is a rather pointless gesture. Katherine Mansfield wrote in a sort of haze; she was sired by the sentiment of Dickens, and mothered by Henry James, while Elizabeth Bowen is just one of the numerous women who can construct a very neat and pointed story.

If you like to take tea with a clever woman and hear her tell tales about the people she knows, now murdering them with stripping words, now exposing them in a kind of soft tragedy, you will be amused by "Encounters." The vicious and deserved treatment of "Mrs. Windermere" is a pungent example of one manner, and "Coming Home" is perhaps the best example of the other.

It is without doubt better to do this type of story well than badly. And yet the feeling comes that it would be better to do it as badly as Stephen Crane sometimes did his work, provided that there might appear, by accident or by intention, the strength of spirit which could arouse a reverberation. As it is, one wonders what the doing well is all about, and why bother.

THE COLOUR OF YOUTH. By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER. New York. Putnam's. 1924. \$2.00.

There is no legal way of stopping novelists from creating young men and dignifying them with the title of Youth. If only these young men were presented as young men no great harm would be done. Their creator, however, insists on presenting them as type forms embodying the very stuff of Youth and Life and (in ambitious cases) Fate. After Compton Mackenzie novelists should have learned better. Michael Fane is no more Youth than Father William is Age. Each is a character complete and final and peculiar to his own soul. It is like stopping Richard from being himself alone to make him the Color of Villainy.

The hero of Miss Friedlaender's "The Colour of Youth" does not shine from the color of youth for the reason that his color is not a pattern of all the primary colors. His color is infra-red, that is, one not easily discoverable except after long patience and investigation. Little John Falladay is cursed with a sister whom their mother thinks a genius. John develops slowly. Nora writes poetry, in this case not to the janitor's boy. Mr. Falladay (one of the poetic fathers of romance) alone understands the shy maturing soul. After Mr. Falladay's death John suffers all the more because now Mrs. Falladay can indulge Nora and suppress John. With the years John discovers the color of youth, first, with a tepid girl named Meta, and then with an enchantress named Claude. Meta fails to catch his spirit. The memory of his father saves him from the snares of Claude. One night at an inn his strength is as the strength of ten because the color of his youth appears to be a very pale blue.

After that he writes a great play. As the book closes he is still writing plays. One wishes that Miss Friedlaender had not made him one of those young men who find their souls by writing plays. One wishes most heartily that she had kept him forever a child. In the chapters about his childhood Miss Friedlaender discloses an art of exquisite fineness. Once John is grown up he ceases to be much of anything except a way to end the novel. Miss Friedlaender can evoke the moods of a lonely misunderstood child with tenderness and sympathy, too much tenderness for truth, but not too much sympathy for art. She is too obviously severe on the characters she doesn't like and rather too fond of John to do him with fulness and completion. None the less she can create the dream children of romance. When she tries to do a young man she reveals a rather embarrassing ignorance of young men.

THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER. By MARY BORDEN. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

RED DAWN. By Pio BAROJA. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

THE GIANT CAT. By J. H. ROINY. McBride. \$2 net.

THE PROWLER. By HUGH WILEY. Knopf. \$2 net.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN. By GILBERT COLLINS. McBride. \$2 net.

THE WHITE MONKEY. By JOHN GALS-WORTHY. Scribners. \$2.

THE THING IN THE WOODS. By HARPER WILLIAMS. McBride. \$2 net.

THE HOUSE OF HATE. By RITA WELLMAN. McBride. \$2 net.

TOM JONES. By HENRY FIELDING. With an Introduction by WILBUR CROSS. Knopf. 2 vols.

THE GRAND DUKE'S FINANCES. By FRANK HELLER. Crowell. \$2 net.

QUO VADIS. By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ. Crowell. \$3 net.

THE PASSING OF CHARLES LANSON. By LOUIS TRACY. Clode.

THE FABRIC OF THE LOOM. By MARY S. WATTS. Macmillan. \$2.

THE GREEN RAY. By VANCE THOMPSON. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

THE TORCH. By ALBERT KINROSS. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE MASTER REVENGE. By H. A. CODY. Doran. \$2 net.

THE SHOW-OFF. By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

THE CAST. By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. Seltzer. \$2.

GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES. Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Dial. \$1.75.

THE SMOKING FLAX. By ROBERT STEAD. Doran. \$2 net.

THE LAND OF THE FATHERS. By SERGEY GUSSEV ORENBURGSKY. Dial. \$2.50.

THE ENCHANTED HILL. By PETER B. KYNE. Cosmopolitan. \$2.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By GEORGE DOUGLAS. Seltzer. \$2.

THE STREET OF THE EYE. By GERALD BULLETT. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Dutton. \$2.50.

FETTERS OF FREEDOM. By FRANCIS GREDDINGTON. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.

THE CHRONICLES OF A GREAT PRINCE. By MARGUERITE BRYANT and GEORGE McANNALLY. Duffield. \$2.50 net.

Foreign

ENGELAND BIJ DEN VREDE VAN RIJSWIJK (1697). Door MARJORIE BOWEN. The Hague: D. A. Daamen. 1924.

Marjorie Bowen (Mrs. Arthur Long), an English lady with the letters of many learned societies after her name, is equally at home in English and Dutch history. Her special work has been to illuminate that period of English history, when the transfer was made of the seat of authority from Throne to Parliament, and the era of trade and manufactures, based on economic ideas, began. In her mind, the stadholder of the Dutch Republic is as great a hero as in that of Macaulay. In the view of both, the personality of William III.—despite the fact that the English people, like the Americans, do not like "foreigners," probably because they were all foreigners once—was the main element in the successful transfer of the fruits of the Commonwealth to national administration. The Treaty of Rijswijk powerfully affected the English North American colonies, apart from the episodes of Manhattan and Jacob Leisler, and of Schenectady and Oswego. Yet the preliminaries were not marked by suavity, for one set of commissioners sulked long at the Hague and the other at Delft, only finally meeting for actual business around the green baize table. Quite sumptuous is Marjorie Bowen's pamphlet of thirty-eight broad pages in Dutch. Within the covers are finely reproduced portraits of King William, Queen Mary, Louis XIV., Bentinck, Lord Somers, Isaac Newton, John Locke, Boyle and Sloane. The author, not satisfied with English authorities—not even the "prattle" of Bishop Burnet—has gone to original authorities. She exults in the passing away of the era of Divine Right and the chaos of the royal period, and the ushering in of the new morning of order, industry, trade and democracy, which the Peace of Rijswijk helped to bring about.

DIE KUNST DER MASSENBEINFLUSSUNG IN DER VEREINIGTEN STAATEN VON AMERIKA. By FRIEDRICH SCHÖNE-MANN. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

International

THE REPARATION PLAN. By H. G. MOULTON. McGraw-Hill. 1924. \$2.50.

The "Dawes Plan" was designed to take reparation out of politics and put it into economics. If this is accomplished we shall see less of it on the front page of our newspaper, but we shall be even more subject to its influence. For if the experts' plan goes into successful operation, new and powerful forces will be set in motion which

will profoundly affect the economic structure of the world. Every banker, industrialist and investor will be directly affected. Fortunes will be lost by those who are blind to these new forces and unwittingly stand in their way. Fortunes will be made by those who can accurately judge the consequences of the Plan and adjust their positions accordingly. Whether or not we belong to the class of those who can make and lose fortunes, none of us can safely ignore the new influences which are about to be brought into play.

There is thus a real occasion for "The Reparation Plan" which Professor Moulton has prepared under the auspices of the Institute of Economics. It contains the full official text of the two expert committees' reports, with their annexes. This is preceded by a summary of contents and followed by an index which greatly facilitates the practical use of the text. Preceding these reports is an analysis thereof by Professor Moulton. The author is well equipped for his task, as his earlier studies of post war problems have given him a keen appreciation of the sympathies of the reparation problem. His criticisms of the experts' plan are cogent and will be helpful to those who seek to appraise the practical results which may be expected from the operation of the Plan.

Miscellaneous

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUME. By PERCY MACQUOID. Boston: The Medici Society. 1924.

A panoramic survey of children's costumes from 1,400 to 1,800 as reflected in the paintings of the Great Masters this volume is one to rejoice the heart of the lover of art as well as to minister to the interest of the student of costume. Indeed for the general public its primary interest will doubtless lie in the exceedingly beautiful color reproductions of famous paintings rather than in the modes of dress which they reflect. Yet the book has a genuine historic interest as a portrayal of the fashions in children's clothes over a period of four centuries, and its value in this regard is made the greater by the brief but illuminating comment which accompanies the illustrations, elucidating the details there presented. The volume is one that should find its public in many quarters.

"SECONDS OUT." By FRED DARTNELL. With a preface by GEORGES CARPENTIER. Brentano's. \$2.50.

The author, a British sports writer of thirty years' experience, rambles through the prize rings of yesterday, pointing out a host of fisticuffing celebrities, telling their secrets, humors, superstitions, habits, exploits. Famous patrons of the manly art crowd about and are included in the discourse. A marked tolerance for Jack Johnson and several references to the U. S. as "out there" seem oddities to the American reader, but Dartnell knows fighting as it goes and has gone on both sides of the water.

EVERY-DAY LIFE ON AN OLD HIGHLAND FARM. By I. F. GRANT. Longmans.

ECONOMY IN HOME BUILDING. By OSWALD G. HERING. McBride. \$5 net.

BREAKING A BIRD DOG. By HORACE LITTLE. Appleton. \$2.

THE ART OF HELPING PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE. By KARL DE SCHWEINITZ. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN FRANCE. By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK. Atlantic Monthly.

LEAVES FROM THE GOLDEN BOUGH. Colled by LADY FRAZER. Macmillan. \$3.

DOGS AND MEN. By MARY ANSELL. Scribners. \$1.50.

A CENTURY OF WORK FOR ANIMALS. By EDWARD G. FAIRHOLME and WELLESLEY PAINE. Dutton. \$3.

THE ROAD TO BEAUTY. By MABELLE BURBRIDGE. New York: Greenberg. \$1.75.

TABLE SERVICE. By LUCY G. ALLEN. Little, Brown. \$1.75 net.

Poetry

THE COLLECTED LIGHT VERSE OF ARTHUR GUITERMAN. (The Laughing Muse, The Mirthful Lyre, The Light Guitar) Three Volumes Boxed. Harpers. 1924.

Mr. Guiterman is a most accomplished versifier—and he has even found a rhyme for "silver." As we here peruse his collected light verse the quality of it impresses us more and more. It is remarkable that through the last ten years ("The

Laughing Muse" was first published in 1915) Mr. Guiterman has managed to maintain so high an average. He has contributed copiously to many periodicals, he has displayed enviable versatility, charm and wit have always decorated his stanzas, and, most remarkable, he has been continuously fertile of original ideas. Certain of his fantastic staves are assured of such immortality as is accorded mortal humor. "The Quest of the Ribband" is chief among these. And occasionally one comes upon a genuine poem of the gossamer kind, so perfectly wrought as to deserve perpetuation in anthologies. Such is, "The Bat":

*Airy-mouse, hairy mouse,
Keen-eared contrary mouse,
Come from your cavern—a star's in the sky!*

*Fluttering, flitting,
Eerily chattering,
Sweep on your quarry, the dusk-haunting fly.*

*Airy-mouse, wary mouse,
Witch-bird or fairy mouse,
Soft through the shadow the dawn-glimmer steals;*

*Night's your carousing-time,
Day brings your drowsing-time;
Hence to your hollow and hang by your heels!*

Any true poet can testify that it is of all things most difficult to write with such easy spontaneity as that. Mr. Guiterman's ingenious rhyming is always a delight; he is a thorough and unusually clever craftsman. He is the Thomas Hood of our day, and, in many respects, not at all unworthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with Hood as a humorous artist.

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. McBride. \$2.50.

MODERN AMERICAN LYRICS. Compiled by STANTON A. COBLENZ. Minton, Balch. \$2.

LITTLE BEGGAR. By ELINOR MAXWELL. Four Seas. \$1.50 net.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE MANOLA. Harpers.

SELECTED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by CONRAD AIKEN. London: Cape.

NANTUCKET. By MARY STARBUCK. Nantucket, Mass.

LOVES AND LOSSES OF PIERROT. By WILLIAM GRIFFITH. Dutton. \$2.

HAVERFORD MOODS. By ELINOR GRANT. Haverford, Pa.

ROSES FROM MY GARDEN. By GERTRUDE CAPEN WHITNEY. Four Seas.

Religion

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. Macmillan. 1924. \$5.

This is an illustrated edition in one volume of the books of the Bible with three books of the Apocrypha presented in modern literary form by Richard G. Moulton, Professor Emeritus of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. It seems to us a remarkable piece of reconstruction and a peculiarly interesting volume to set up beside the King James version, against "the monotonous uniformity" of whose "numbered sentences" Professor Moulton rebelled. The sacred writers themselves, says Professor Moulton, did not give this form to our Bibles. Later commentators gave the Scriptures the form of "texts." "The varieties of literary form and structure that distinguish the different parts of the Bible" are what the present editor has set himself to indicate clearly. He has accomplished a work of what may seem to some a too revolutionary character, but one which is certainly of the greatest helpfulness to the modern reader. We do not feel, however, that the illustrations of this special one volume edition (by J. H. Hartley) contribute much to the distinction of the work. Beside the work of Tissot, for instance, they are second-rate illustration.

SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Scribners. \$2.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE PREACHER. By H. CRICHTON MILLER. Seltzer. \$2.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE RACE PROBLEM. By J. H. OLDHAM. Doran. \$2.25 net.

THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By ALLEN W. JOHNSTON. Revell. \$1.50.

DOCUMENTS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY. 1920-4. Edited by G. K. A. BELL. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE. By HARRY EMERSON FOSBICK. Macmillan. \$1.60.

BEST SERMONS, 1924. Edited by JAMES FORT NEWTON. Harcourt, Brace.

"I can only tell people to buy, borrow or steal the Page letters"

THIS is the whimsical advice which J. St. Loe Strachey, brilliant editor of the *London Spectator*, gave his readers after reading the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*. And he goes on: "I am confident that the book, whether obtained honestly or nefariously, will prove most delightful reading. That is the striking part of it. It is not merely the record of a great man. It is one of the most eminently readable books of our time." Strachey feared that all this might sound over-enthusiastic, so he wrote this additional tribute by way of explanation: "Page's immortal letters—I am using the words with sober deliberation and not in any inflated rhetoric."

Page's pen cast its spell over the foremost minds in Europe and America. "I could never resist Page," said the President of the United States. "His letters are the best I have ever read. I hope that some day they will be published." They have been published, and the American public finds, too, that it cannot resist the charm of Page's winged words. 75,000 people have paid \$10.00 each outright for the pleasure of reading the letters of our wartime Ambassador to Great Britain as woven into a connected story by

the master hand of Burton J. Hendrick. Four former premiers of Great Britain—Lloyd George, Asquith, Bonar Law, and Balfour—after reading Page's letters in book form, were inspired to start a movement which brought a Page memorial tablet to Westminster Abbey. Thousands of booklovers, swayed by the artistry of Page's writings, voted that his letters constitute one of the ten greatest books of the century. And finally the greatest honor that can come to a book, the Pulitzer Prize, was awarded to the "Life and Letters." As you read Page's letters, crisp sentences, brimming over with exuberance and spontaneity, follow one another with airy speed. Here is a word which no one else would use in just that way—and how it hits the mark! And here is a deft quip, so aptly phrased, so original, that you hold your breath in sheer delight!

Always a lively and brilliant conversationalist, Page simply conversed by means of pen and paper when he wrote to his acquaintances. To read one of his letters is to hear the sound of his voice, to see the sparkle of his eye, and to hear him punctuate the phrases with a hearty bang of his fist on the table.

Some Typical Pen-Pictures from Page's Immortal Letters

"The King sent for me to go to Buckingham Palace very soon after we declared war. He went over the whole course of events and asked me many questions. After I had risen and said 'good-bye' and was about to bow myself out the door, he ran toward me and, waving his hand, cried out, 'Ah—Ah—we knew where you stood all the time.'"

"I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum—while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has

lost in his high game—almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half an hour and threw up his hands and said: 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do!' Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, 'My dear Colleague, my dear Colleague.'"

Page seldom gave vent to bitterness, but in attacking the politicians who were retarding progress in his beloved Southern States, men whom he dubbed "mummies," he

wrote "It is an awfully discouraging business to undertake to prove to a mummy that it is a mummy. You go up to it and say, 'Old fellow, the Egyptian dynasties crumbled several thousand years ago; you are a fish out of water. You have by accident or the providence of God got a long way out of your time. This is America.' The old thing grins that grin which death set on its solemn features when the world was young; and your task is so pitiful that even the humor of it is gone."

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Mr. Page and THE WORLD'S WORK

Page's letters not only interpreted history in the making; they helped to MAKE history. THE WORLD'S WORK, the magazine he founded and long edited, not only interprets events; it helps to mould them. Page as editor took the stand that no one will read your message unless it is interesting. So he insisted that every line that went into THE WORLD'S WORK must first of all be readable and entertaining. This achieved, he saw to it that the subject matter was original, authoritative and unbiased. The articles must leave the reader free to do his own thinking and form his own conclusions after the inside facts have been presented to him. On the other hand, the editorials expressed the opinion of the magazine in no uncertain terms. These principles still govern THE WORLD'S WORK.

A foretaste of what you will get

A number of our own special writers, and some of the best known personalities in the world, are now in the field gathering first-hand material for articles of great importance. Lady Askwith will write for us on Sex Jealousy in Politics; Edward W. Bok contributes a striking article on "The Most Important Word in the English Language"; Rollin Lynde Hartt is studying the lay of the land for his coming articles on States where prohibition is a fact, and States where it is a farce; French Strother will show how the most unscientific person can apply eugenics to his own personal problems; Mark Sullivan, generally recognized as America's foremost writer on national politics, will keep you posted on the presidential campaign; Sir Philip Gibbs will revisit France and Germany and report for us the real truth about conditions in those two countries; Arnold Bennett will write on the possibility of England's going Soviet; Martin Johnson sends an article, illustrated by his own photographs, on his latest adventure in Central Africa; Clayton Hamilton will write on theatrical subjects; an expose will be published showing that thousands of young women, too ignorant to qualify as stenographers, are becoming school teachers. Burton J. Hendrick, the biographer of Walter H. Page, will review the passing panorama each month in his famous March of Events.

Every Issue Is of Course Profusely Illustrated

MAY we send you for your approval, at our own expense, the new four-volume set of the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* and the current issue of *THE WORLD'S WORK*, the magazine which Page founded and long edited? Look them over; read them if you will; and then at the end of ten days decide whether you want to part with them. The fact that we dare make such an offer proves that we are supremely confident that you will be delighted with the books and the magazine.

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Gentlemen: You may send me for my inspection, charges prepaid, the new 4-volume set of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," uniformly bound in dark blue cloth, stamped with gold lettering, and the current issue of *THE WORLD'S WORK*. I will either return the books at your expense within ten days or send you \$1 a month until \$10 has been paid for the books and a full year's subscription to *THE WORLD'S WORK*.

Or, if preferred—Enclosed please find \$10 in full payment.

Name

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LR-10

Points of View

Nomenclature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The recent articles on Joseph Conrad illustrate the absurdity of our critical terminology. Mr. Mencken, usually a sensible fellow, claimed in the *Nation* that Conrad was a realist and not a romanticist, because his novels are vivid and lifelike—real. In *The Saturday Review of Literature* Stephen Graham ventured the even more surprising comment that Conrad was a romanticist, merely because he wrote about the sea.

It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of these two statements, but it does seem desirable to raise a general objection to these vague terms, realism and romanticism. In so far as romanticism implies an escape from life, authors are never romantic. Writing anything is not an escape but a mode of life, a business, a profession. In writing historical novels one consults the library more than in writing novels of today, but for both sorts of fiction, the process is the same. One can easily turn from historical to contemporary tale-making, as Winston Churchill and many others have done; one can combine both periods in one book as in Cabell's "Cream of the Jest." In all cases the story is a job—not an escape.

On the other hand, every book is an escape from life for the non-professional reader. No book parallels his life exactly; there is both a difference in subject matter and a difference caused by literary condensation. For the reader "romance" and "realism" are merely two degrees in the distance of the escape.

Such words, like other literary phrases, can be defined only in terms either of writer or of reader. We need to free ourselves of the inherited jargon that does not make its definitions and axioms in such terms. It's time that critics should say something of value to the reader or to the writer. We have had a beginning and a long middle age of critical nonsense. Would it not be well to fulfil the sacred law of Aristotle by making an end of it?

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

More About Ward

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In Jerry B. Graham's "Handset Reminiscences" (1915), a book privately printed and perhaps known only to oldtime printers, are some memories of Artemus Ward which evidently neither Mr. Don Seitz nor Mr. A. J. Nock has seen. Mark Twain also is remembered. Graham, a wandering printer and journalist, held "cases" in 1863-64 on the Virginia City (Nev.) *Union* when Twain was a "local" on the *Territorial Enterprise*. Graham writes:

One day, with my sleeves rolled to the elbows, I was "throwing in" when a tall, gaunt, red-headed stranger came, with military tread, into the composing room, and advancing several paces stood there as if transfixed. He had on a slouch hat, a travel-stained, old-fashioned linen duster, that reached to his heels, and in his hand was a large "carpet-bag," such as our fathers used to carry. Silently he surveyed the dozen or more printers, until his eyes rested on me. Then the bag dropped to the floor as if released by an automatic spring. With a movement like Hamlet's ghost he advanced to my side, seized my arm, stripped it to the shoulder, and tragically pointing to a vaccination scar, exclaimed:

"Behold, the mark! It is, it is, my long lost brother. Found at last! Now may all the gods at once be praised. Friends, countrymen and brethren, you votaries of rotgut, let us all repair to the nearest inn and absorb, say, four fingers, by way of celebrating this glad reunion."

The visitor was Artemus Ward. He had worked with Graham on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Graham continues:

There was no work for me during his four days' stay (a three weeks' stay, according to Mr. Seitz). He had been announced by the papers to lecture that night, but not a bill had been posted.

"Brother," he said to me, "I must say unto all the people, yea, upon the walls of the city, I am come; lest peradventure, they know it not, and bring not their shekels unto my hopper. Now, therefore, prithee, go thou with me to spread the glad tidings, and verily when we have done this thing we will repair again to the wine cellar of the publican—which, I know by the cut of his jib, he's a d—d sinner."

They went to the *Enterprise* office and obtained a sheet of news print, 24x36, on which the humorist, with a blue pencil, wrote the announcement, "ARTEMUS WARD WILL SPEAK HIS PIECE HERE TONIGHT."

He then tacked the sheet to the door of

Maguire's Opera House. Though this was all the posting that was done, a packed house greeted him each night.

The humorist would seem to have had a glorious time in Virginia City. Accompanied by a crowd of convivial spirits he visited all the sights, and on his last night, at a variety show, "to gratify his inordinate appetite for excitement and fun went on the stage as a blackface artist." He made a poor showing, according to the account.

On that first night (as doubtless also on the other nights) Twain was an eager and absorbed listener. Writing of what he calls Twain's "poky nature" and his halting and belated perception of another man's humor, Graham tells this story:

A row of seats close to the stage at Maguire's, usually set apart for newspaper men, was called "the printers' pew." In one of these seats was Mark, with open mouth. I know, because I sat beside him. The lecture, announced as "Babes in the Wood," without reference to its title, was a continuous string of grotesque and absurd witticisms—so keen, dry and far-fetched that for a moment no one could see a point, and each time a laugh was due the lecturer would pause until it came. With the first guffaw the audience seemed to catch on, and then it would go off like a corn-popper.

When the uproar had subsided, suddenly a spasmodic "Haw, haw, haw!" unreserved as if from a burro corral, would attract all eyes to the "pew," and at each interruption Artemus paused again, and glaring in mock anger, said something funny, like, "Has it been watered today?" once saying, "You must now all admit the truth of the old saw that 'he who laughs last laughs best'."

Little did he think that that same laugh convulsed a greater genius than himself.

Graham believes that Twain got his chief inspiration from the meeting and hearing Ward. He doubts if Twain "ever entertained an idea that he was to really write a book until that lecture gave him a jolt." From that time on "there was a vein of wit all through his newspaper work that was not there before. . . . I have since believed that, as a genius, he was dreaming until Artemus Ward awakened him to his capabilities."

W. J. GHENT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Jennifer Lorn"

To the Editor of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*,
SIR:

I have often found Mr. Christopher Ward's travesties funny and shrewd. His version of Mrs. Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn" is in some respects not an exception; but funny and shrewd as it is, it fails by a long way (I think) to be so funny and so shrewd as the original. Moreover, it shows what strikes me as rather dubious good taste. It presents the curious spectacle of a travesty on a travesty. I am inclined to question the *raison d'être* of such a thing, particularly here. It will be recalled that Mrs. Wylie subtitled her book "A Sedate Extravaganza," and that underneath her elaborate dandyisms and *bizareries* there vibrates an all too rare, taut, tongue-in-cheek sort of spoofing. When Mr. Ward reproduces her technical antics and artifices he is on safe ground—not so, however, when he attempts to be funny on his own score and, so to speak, at Mrs. Wylie's expense. He merely becomes a little irritatingly obvious and inartistic. For example, the names of Mrs. Wylie's personages have a delicately humorous aroma: Sir Gerald Poyntard, the Earl of Tam-Linn; when Mr. Ward distorts them into Sir Gerald Boneyarde and the Earl of Tam-Borine, this aroma becomes an—well, an acrid smell.

Mr. Ward is, of course, at liberty to distort for humorous effect as he sees fit. But there are distortions and distortions. There are the distortions of Weber and Fields and those of, say, Max Beerbohm (*vide* "A Christmas Garland"). Obviously it would be unreasonable to demand of Mr. Ward that he be a Beerbohm. It is not unreasonable, however, to expect him to be funny—approximately funny. He often is. But in his spoofing of "Jennifer Lorn," as I have intimated, he achieves an undesirable, because inappropriate, funniness. And the reason is not far to seek: Mr. Ward's wonted technique, while jocosely successful in his travesties of such works as "Lummox" and "So Big," will simply not do for works like "Jennifer Lorn."

Possibly I have read into Mrs. Wylie's book things that aren't there; and perhaps it is not in any sense a travesty. But—I am, of course, as proud of my sense of humor as the next person is of his—I doubt it.

T. GREENWALD.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Signature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

On September 20th your highly interesting publication—for whose success you have my best wishes—carried a letter on a Shakespeare signature which has just been called to my attention. If you or your readers are sufficiently interested in the subject of Shakespearean relics and in the great bard's handwriting, I trust you will find space for the correction of some of the erroneous or misleading statements made by Mr. F. L. Pleadwell, your former correspondent.

The Shakespeare signature he discusses has been long known to scholars and was the subject of several careful investigations, notably by members of the New York Shakespeare Society. The history of the considerably imperfect second Folio into which this signature has been pasted is fairly well-known. Many years prior to 1885 it was sold at auction in London "for a small sum of money." In 1885 a resident of Chicago, a Rev. F. M. Bristol, evidently the gentleman whom Mr. Pleadwell quotes so profusely, heard of the existence of a book with a Shakespeare autograph somewhere in Nevada, wrote the owner of the volume, made him an offer, and finally purchased it in exchange for a set of Knight's "Shakespeare" and a lot of autographs (all of which were valued at \$125.00). Then, according to Mr. A. L. Frey, (writing a long and excellent account of the book and the "autograph" in the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*, May 7, 1887, pp. 560-561), Mr. Bristol sold the relic to Mr. C. F. Gunther (Chicago) for \$1,000.00. As you see, a fairly complete history of the "specimen" was published at least eleven years before your correspondent's reference.

I think you will also be interested in the following additional facts:

1. The alleged autograph reads "William Shalspeare [sic]," not "W. Shakespeare."
2. The book contained no confirmatory evidence, interesting or uninteresting, bearing on the authenticity of the signature. The letter referred to by your correspondent and the other data (names of previous owners of the book) are shown in facsimile by Mr. Frey in the article referred to.
3. The signature of one of the former owners is "Jno. Ward," not "John Ward," and occurs not on another leaf but on the same sheet of paper which bears the strip with the alleged Shakespeare signature.
4. The question of the identity of this John Ward is not unsettled. A study of the handwriting has proved conclusively that this Ward was the actor, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, and not the Vicar of Stratford.
5. In collecting my materials for a book on "Shakespeare's genuine and unquestioned autographs" I have nowhere come across a published report of experts who pronounced the paper, the ink, and the paste as "unquestionably of Shakespeare's time." So far as I have been able to ascertain no "experts" have examined this autograph. Mr. Frey's study of the subject, previously referred to, is so thorough that it may be considered an expert study but he shows that there is no room for question that the signature is not genuine.
6. Your correspondent gives his readers the impression that the signature is a genuine specimen of Shakespeare's handwriting. Permit me to assure you that it requires no more than five minutes' study of a good photograph of the signature (such as the late Mr. Gunther sent me) with a magnifying lens to be convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt that the so-called "signature" is only a poorly executed tracing (by an ignorant and unskilled person) of the signature on the third page of Shakespeare's will. You may also be interested to know that the page containing the signature we have just discussed and other memoranda is reproduced in *New Shakespeareana* for April 1905.

SAML. A. TANNENBAUM, M. D.
3681 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I've Wandered

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Certain help I cannot afford to Burton E. Stevenson in his search for the authorship of some well-known verses. Possibly the fact here contributed may afford a

slight clue. I remember "I've wandered to the village" as appearing in a school reader, probably McGuffey's third of about 1880; I remember also at the same time that my grandmother was fond of singing it and changing the words "twenty years ago" to "forty years ago" with the remark that it was at least twenty since she had learned the lines. I do not remember whether the lines were attributed to any author.

May I also ask for light on the authorship, this time of a little play? It is entitled "A Set of Turquoise," copyrighted in 1908 by Edgar S. Werner and printed by him at 43 East 19th street. It is ascribed to Thomas B. Aldrich. As I had been unable to discover it in the published volumes of Aldrich's collected work, I wrote to the Houghton Mifflin Co. Their reply quoted a statement from Greenslet, Aldrich's biographer, that he knew nothing of it and did not believe the play was written by Aldrich. The play is in verse.

WM. H. POWERS.

South Dakota State College.

Many people think because a book is rare it must be expensive. This is not necessarily the case, as many rare books and first editions can be purchased for comparatively little and many a desirable collection of first editions can be formed without the expenditure of any great sum of money. The current catalogue (No. 164) of James F. Drake, 14 West 40th Street, is a capital demonstration of these truths.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *Saturday Review of Literature* published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Luce, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) HENRY R. LUCE,
Business Manager.
Subscribed to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1924.
(Seal) John Steiner.
(My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.

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THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON "SAM SLICK"
By V. L. O. Chittick

Pp. 681. Probable price \$4.50.
To Be Ready in November

A definitive biography of the most famous British colonial man of letters and an inside story of the struggle for constitutional liberty in pre-confederation Canada. The precise relationship existing between Judge Haliburton, "the father of American humor," and Joseph Howe, the "Great Tribune of Nova Scotia," are here for the first time disclosed. Extensive quotations from Haliburton's works, hitherto unpublished letters and other contemporary documents of particular interest are included.

At Bookshops

Are you receiving our Monthly Book List?

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

THE LITTLE GIRL. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD (Knopf).

A HARP IN THE WINDS. By DANIEL HENDERSON (Appleton).

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By W. C. BROWNELL (Scribners).

T. W. D., Dallas, Tex., asks if there is a better history of English literature than Saintsbury's for one preparing for a general examination for M.A. degree.

THE AINSBURY'S "Short History of English Literature" (Macmillan) is certainly a most inspiring and informing book; I remember a college professor's writing to me that his students referred to it more often than to any other. I would by all means keep it, but as all my life I have studied out of half a dozen books at once, I would not keep to it only, or to any one manual of the subject especially. One could safely add to such an equipment Edmund Gosse's "Short History of Modern English Literature" (Appleton), the "History of English Literature" of William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett (Scribner), and of the books on phases of the subject, at least the recent volume of studies, "Some Authors," by the late Sir Walter Raleigh (Oxford University Press), lucid as expositions and literature in themselves.

The text-book for this purpose depends, of course, on the use to which it is put. A distinguished foreign scholar asked the Guide not long since for a manual by which to arrange his study of our literature, which he admired, but of whose development he knew little. He had access to a college library and needed a pathfinder. I advised a new one, "A History of English Literature," by Edward Albert of Edinburgh (Crowell), because it has much information easily accessible for reference, arranged to show development of literary style, and set down in language not too complicated for one to whom this is a recently acquired tongue. The next person who asks me for an introduction to English literature for a young person or for one whose education has been intermittent, will be told to get Herbert Bates's "English Literature," recently issued by Longmans, Green. I would be satisfied to know that a young person in whose future I was interested was getting his first impressions of the subject from this book; it continually calls attention to things that make the reader think, like the description of Shakespeare's stage and audience and the effect these had on his plays, or even the captions to the little pictures. And when I see, as I saw this week, a sixteen-year-old working-girl in a branch library reading-room rapt in the pages of "An Outline of Literature" (Putnam), caught by the pictures and reading to find out what they were about, I see another reason for advising that this book be on hand in family libraries long before the text will be fully understood.

K. T., Morristown, N. J., asks for information about the education and career of A. Mary F. Robinson (Mme. Duclaux) that will throw light on her remarkable ability to interpret two cultures, languages and literatures, French and English.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON was born in 1857 in the very middle of England, at Leamington, where her father was architect, archaeologist and collector of old books. She learned to read French in a first edition

of Froissart, and might say, with Baudelaire—so she writes to me—"mon berceau s'adossait à la bibliothèque." Her education, begun by German governesses at home, continued at a Brussels finishing school, and ended its formal stage at University College, London, where she went in for Greek and history. When she was about sixteen they went to live in London, and her friendship with Miss Paget (Vernon Lee) took her often to Italy. Her girlish verses, "The Italian Garden," were read by Professor James Darmesteter of the Collège de France when he was in the Himalayas; he came to find her in London; they were married and came to live in Paris. In 1894 he died; seven years later she married Emile Duclaux, Pasteur's successor at the Pasteur Institute, but was again left a widow. Among her friends—her circle of friends is famous—was Marie Lénéré of whom she writes so sympathetically in "Twentieth Century French Authors" (Scribner). ("The Journal of Marie Lénéré" [Macmillan] is one of the great "confessions" of our time; the intimate diary of a burning spirit, shut behind the barrier of deafness since her early teens.) Mme. Duclaux writes:

I learned to talk on my fingers and at least once a week we had long, eager confabulations in which, however, my chief part was listening. . . . I am writing a preface for an unpublished play of hers which will appear in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. Poor girl, how she would have enjoyed the fame and affection which pour in too late! Her old mother, blind and deaf, still lives in Brittany; I will tell her of the interest you feel in *notre grande Marie*.

Mme. Duclaux has written some thirty books, of which some of the best known in English are "The French Ideal" (Dutton), "The French Procession," "Victor Hugo" (Holt), "The End of the Middle Ages," "Twentieth Century French Writers" (Scribner), and a "Short History of France," published by Putnam, besides twelve volumes of criticism and biography in French. Three poems of hers are in Sara Teasdale's anthology of love poems by women, "The Answering Voice" (Macmillan).

M. L. P., Bristol, Conn., has selected for a book club's study of recent American biography and autobiography "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin; "My Garden of Memory," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton Mifflin) and "The Iron Puddler," by James J. Davis, and asks for three other books of corresponding types to go with them.

WITH the first, the biography of "Charles Proteus Steinmetz," by J. W. Hammond (Century). The surprises begin with the second word of the title and the interest never for a chapter flags. With the second, the "Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson," by Gilbert Dickinson (Houghton Mifflin). For the third go back a little to "The Iron Hunter," Chase S. Osborn's adventurous autobiography first published a couple of years ago (Macmillan). Professor Pupin's book, judging from the letters that reach me, seems to be taking in the affections of study clubs the place held so long by "The Life and Letters of Walter Page" (Doubleday, Page). There is also a new one-dollar edition of Chauncey Depew's "My Memories of Eighty Years" (Scribner) to meet a popular demand.

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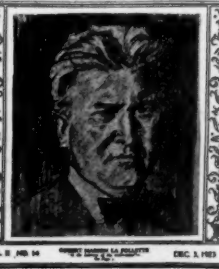
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The Phoenix Nest



CHAPTER XVII

The Making of a Bishop

He came from St. Jerome's, in New York, where he had been curate. As rector of St. Margaret's in the poorer section of the old New England manufacturing town he had his great chance to realize the dreams of his youth to be of service to humanity. He was young, he was good looking, intelligent, he was the follower of high endeavor, he was admitted into certain circles. He married Jacqueline Humphrey, heiress of the most aristocratic mansion in the town. For a time he kept at his work with zeal, only to slip back in the end to the ease made possible by his wife's wealth and social connections. He became a bishop.

Back along the years of his life was the pretty little milliner of Dean. She, much his elder, had taken a motherly interest in him, had sacrificed herself to see him through college along the road of his ambition, and then gone out of his life. His story is unfolded with the logic, the feeling of life itself in

THE HIGH ALTAR

by Agnes Edwards Rothery



One of our editors snapped this picture of Mrs. Rothery on the famous campus of the University of Virginia, at which institution Mrs. Rothery's husband is a professor.

Mrs. Rothery is the author of several charming books about places on and about Cape Cod and her first novel, last year, *The House by the Windmill*, delighted many readers. You'll like her new story, *The High Altar*. She's a novelist worth knowing. \$2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Sing a song of office blotters
With their bright and tuneful motters.

THE above is inspired by the receipt of a new blotter—at least it feels like a blotter and it looks like a blotter and it inks like a blotter,—like an office blotter. The best blotters we have been receiving heretofore have been from L. H. Andrews, the famous life incomes and annuities expert of 217 Broadway. "Andy" always sends us blotters with pictures of golf-players on them and we waste at least half an hour reading the censored inscriptions that float in balloons from their mouths. But now here's a new blotter from,—will you look!—a restaurant taking unto itself the hallowed name of the "Cheshire Cheese" at the North End of Times Square! "Ye Goode Fare to-daye served up in manner rare, etc., etc." We're afraid old Doc Johnson would have a good blush. We wish Chris Morley were here to test the viands at this new hashery for us.

But what has all this got to do with books? Nothing, we'll admit. To take a long jump from it we signal you that Conrad Aiken has edited a "Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson" which Jonathan Cape puts out prettily in London. Maybe you'll like it better than the Collected Poems of Mrs. Bianchi's editorship. Aiken thinks that one of the most remarkable things about Emily was the number of poems she wrote on the subject of Death. "She seems to have thought of it constantly—she died all her life, she probed death daily. 'That bareheaded life under grass worries one like a wasp,' she wrote." What a wonderful phrase! The English press has been getting enthusiastic about the work of a new young English writer, Henry Williamson, and we observe that his novel, "The Dream of Fair Women," is dedicated to "My Friend, J. D. Beresford." The note in front of the book rouses our curiosity as it says:

The characters in this book with one exception are imagined. The exception is the character called Peter White. The original of the portrait, an adolescent who wrote *A Document in Hysteria*, which is reproduced here practically as it was written in 1919 when it came into my hands, ceased to be a few hours after it was composed.

More of Williamson later. Anne Parrish's new novel is "Semi-Attached," a comedy of love and marriage. It is dedicated to her brother Dillwyn. We have fallen for "The Modern Reader's Bible," the illustrated edition in one volume. It is most ingeniously arranged with a great deal printed as poetry; which brings out the fact that the greatest free verse ever written is in the Bible:

The gates of the rivers are opened, and the palace is dissolved;
And Hinnab is uncovered; she is carried away;
And her handmaids mourn as with the voice of doves,
Tabering upon their breasts.

But Nineveh hath been from of old like a pool of waters;
Yet they flee away;
'Stand, stand'—
But none looketh back.

Take ye the spoil of silver,
Take the spoil of gold:
For there is none end of the store,
The glory of all pleasant furniture.

If you have eight dollars that ache to be spent, purchase forthwith, of a new

publisher, one Greenberg, Inc., of 15 East 40th Street, "A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry," that is, provided you are a romantic. It is full of great stuff.

Lincoln MacVeagh has endeared himself to us by sending us a special copy of the "Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire," with a preface by Robert Frost. Frost tells you where to put the book:

On the same shelf with Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards (grandfather of Aaron Burr). Franklin will be a reminder of what we have been as a young nation in some respects, Edwards in others. Burroughs comes in reassuringly when there is a question of our not unprincipled wickedness, whether we have had enough of it for salt. The world knows we are criminal enough. We commit our share of blind and inarticulate murder, for instance. But sophisticated wickedness, the kind that knows its grounds and can twinkle, could we be expected to have produced so fine a flower in a pioneer state? The answer is that we had it and had it early in Stephen Burroughs (not to mention Aaron Burr). It is not just a recent publisher's importation from Europe.

Sara Teasdale is in Paris now; Margaret Widdemer postals us from Larchmont:

Apropos of your Oct. 11 Phoenix Nest, Denis Eden is not only a real person, but the husband of Helen Parry Eden, the poet,—you remember "Bread and Circuses" with its charming city-transplanted cat who "chased his purely abstract rats upon the concrete stairs?" He is also, therefore, a son-in-law of the well-known Judge Parry. I never met him, Denis, but I knew her in England—a rather wonderful person, as picturesque as a medieval saint.

Sinclair Lewis and wife are wafted again to Yurup; and Walter De La Mare has talked at the New York Public Library. Louis Bromfield calls our attention to the Lenox Hill Book Shop and Circulating Library, on Madison Avenue between 81st and 82nd Streets. Any afternoon at five they'll give you a cup of tea there if you drop in,—Miss Jane Grey Long and Miss Jonas will. They used to be with Brentano's. There is no bustle and hurry and trade atmosphere. Just well-chosen books and tea.

Charles F. Lummis, who once wrote a book of pueblo tales we adored as a youngster, "The Man Who Married the Moon," has been trying for thirty-eight years to save the old Spanish Songs of the Southwest. He has collected a great number handed down through generations but never before published. He has published them himself. The first book of them came out last December and was called "Spanish Songs of Old California." Now comes "Flowers of Our Lost Romance," which can only be obtained, for one fifty, by subscription addressed to Chas. F. Lummis, 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles, California. "Spanish Songs of Old California," by the way, is now in its fifth thousand. A lot of debates are coming off. Ernest Boyd is going to stand up against John Sumner, and on Sunday Clarence Darrow says there oughtn't not to be no Capital Punishment and Judge Talley will rejoin, certainly on the other hand there ought to. And then we met Malcolm Cowley the other day and he said then (a couple weeks ago) that Matthew Josephson and Gorham B. Munson were going to meet that night. But we never heard who got the decision. So there you are, the world is full of interesting conflicts. And so,—crabapples and wistaria to you all!

W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

FIRST SALE AT ANDERSON'S

THE first book sale of the season at the Anderson Galleries, that of the library of the late Jesse P. Gram of this city, was held on October 6, 7, 8 and 9, the 1,796 lots realizing \$10,320.05. There were few items of unusual rarity, the library consisting mainly of good editions of well selected books, the classics being largely represented. There were many good opportunities for the buyer for the home reading library, but on the whole the collection brought a very fair price. The general consensus of opinion was that a good beginning had been made and that the prospects for the season are bright. There are no important sales to be held before election but there will be a plenty that will follow it.

FORTHCOMING SALES

ON October 27 and 28 the London auction season opens with an important sale comprising a number of consignments from which selections have been made.

These include mediæval manuscripts, incunabula, Italian and French literature of the Renaissance, rare Americana, and many scarce items of early English literature. Among the rarer items are a very fine copy of the Third Folio of Shakespeare, 1664; Capt. John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," 1624, with the rare errata slip, and his "True Travels," 1630; Spenser's "Colin Cloute," 1595 and the "Foure Hymnes," 1596; a set of De Bry's "Voyages," and rare items by Dr. Samuel Johnson, W. M. Thackeray and Robert Louis Stevenson.

On November 10 and 11 the well-known collection of books, manuscripts, and autograph letters, the property of the late William Harris Arnold, of this city, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. This will be one of the most important sales to be held in this country before the holidays. The catalogue is ready for distribution and we shall have more to say about this collection next week.

RONSARD AND FRENCH POETRY

PROFESSOR VALDEMAR VEDAL writes about Ronsard, the French poet, in the current number of the Danish monthly, *Tilskueren*. He says:

"Wherever French poetry is cultivated at this day preparations are under way to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Ronsard. . . . Like a new, rich music, a pictorial blending, a spring-time of enthusiasm and energy, of tenderness and gaiety, it captured in its day the last of Francis Valois. . . . And after the ray of light from the 'Pleiades' poetic rule quickly went out, during two centuries. It broke forth once more, a hundred years ago, with romanticism and has since then developed only in splendor for the poets, from Banville to Heredia, Moreas to H. de Regnier. And in spite of Boileau's disclaimer, literary research more and more has reached the conclusion that acknowledgment is due Ronsard as the one who opened the way for the newer poetry of entire France. Notwithstanding many mis-calculation his energetic labor resulted in a genuine latinizing of French and Frenchifying of the antique cultural heritage."

FIRST WORK OF BRUCE ROGERS

THE LIBRARY contains a note that will be of interest to the increasing number of collectors of Bruce Rogers's

books. It appears that the first book decorated by Mr. Rogers was for the late Thomas B. Mosher, the Portland publisher. The bibliographical facts are as follows:

After the two Dublin editions of "Homeward Songs by the Way," by A. E., had appeared in June, 1894, and January, 1895, Mr. Mosher acquired the American copyright and produced a little volume in square 12mo, bound in vegetable parchment with turned-in edges. On the reverse of the title we read: "Copyright Thomas B. Mosher 1895. This edition is limited to 925 copies." A colophon on the reverse of the last leaf runs: "Here end these 'Homeward Songs by the Way,' the designs and headbands by Bruce Rogers. Printed by Smith and Sale for Thomas B. Mosher, and published by him at 27 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine, this month of March, M.DCCC.XC.V." The designs and headbands are only seven in number. One on the front cover and a small one on the back cover. One headband on title and one on the preface. Both these are signed B. R. There are three designs, two at the beginning and end of the Contents, and one on the end of the text. Mr. Rogers has confirmed the statement that this volume contains his earliest work.

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